Price 5 Cents. Established 1878

UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE BLOOD ALL NATIONS OF MEN."

VOLUME XLII. CHICAGO, JANUARY 12, 1899. NUMBER 20

CONTENTS.

PAGE
Notes 379
Mechanical Necessities 380
The Secularization of the Church 381
Concerning "Inferior Races" 381
Notes—E. P. POWELL 382
Progress in American Archæology—
FREDERICK STARR 383

GOOD POETRY—
The World Is Too Much With Us—
William Wordsworth 384
The Chambered Nautilus—
Oliver Wendell Holmes 384

Some Newspaper Scientists 385
Out Doors—WILLIAM KENT 386

THE PULPIT—
The Golden Mean—
REV. NEWTON R. MANN 387

Curiosities of Literature 390

THE STUDY TABLE—
Tales of the Enchanted Islands of the Atlantic—J. W. C. 390
E. P. Powell's Book Table 390

THE HOME—
Helps to High Living 392
The Snow Birds 392
Dickens' Deaf Kitten 392
Two Seals 392
What He Was Paid For 392
To a Little Child 392

THE FIELD—
University of Chicago 393
National Educational Association 393
Cleveland, Ohio 393
Ethical Culture 393
Personal 393
Western Unitarian Sunday School Society 393
Grand Rapids, Mich. 393

THE NOBLE NATURE.

It is not growing like a tree
In bulk, doth make Man better be;
Or standing long an oak, three hundred year,
To fall a log at last, dry, bald and sere:
A lily of a day
Is fairer far in May,
Although it fall and die that night—
It was the plant and flower of Light.
In small proportions we just beauties see;
And in short measures life may perfect be.

BEN. JONSON.

Alfred C. Clark & Co., Publishers, 185-187 Dearborn St.
Chicago.

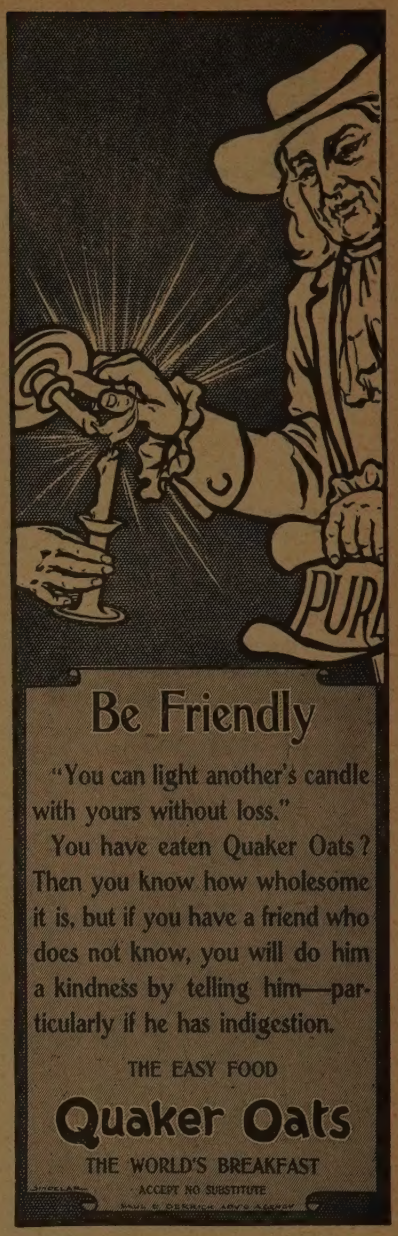
SERMONS FROM SHAKESPEARE.

The literary editor of the *Inter Ocean*, who received one of the first copies of "Sermons from Shakespeare," reviews it as follows in the columns of the *Inter Ocean* of January 9:

"Sermons from Shakespeare."—By William D. Simonds. (Chicago: Alfred C. Clark & Co.) The novelty of the book is that it is a series of "sermons" (not "lectures") and texts drawn from Shakespeare, and not the Bible. The author enters upon his task reverently and with a full appreciation of the Holy Book. But he claims that it is wisdom "to embark freely upon the ocean of truth; to listen to every word of Godlike genius, as to a whisper of the Holy Ghost. Beauty, truth and love are always divine, and the real Bible, whose inspiration can never be questioned, comprises all noble and true words spoken and written by man in all the ages." Mr. Simonds makes six sermons: First, "Noble Brutus;" second, "Faithful Cordelia;" third, "Faultless Desdemona;" fourth, "Destiny-Driven Hamlet;" fifth, "Lady Macbeth." Preliminary to his sermons Mr. Simonds calls attention to the changed conditions the centuries have wrought. When the Bible alone was the standard of all there was in morals, science and government, he turns to recite the long list of illustrious names, who, having seized upon the truths of the sacred world, have lifted them up in the face of the world, have made them shine with new luster and beauty. Of the character of Brutus Mr. Simonds says: "The character of Brutus is full of beauty and sweetness. In all the relations of life he is upright and pure, of a sensitiveness and delicacy of principle that cannot bosom the slightest stain; his mind enriched and fortified with the best extractions of philosophy; a man adorned with all the virtues which, in public and private, at home and in the circle of his friends, win respect and charm the heart." Says Hudson: "Brutus' great fault lies in supposing it is his duty to be meddling with things that he does not understand. Here, then, we have a strong instance of a very good man doing a very bad thing, and, withal, a wise man acting most unwisely, because his wisdom knew not its place—a right noble, just heroic spirit bearing directly athwart the virtues he worships."

Another has written of Brutus: "His trouble was his head, not his heart. He intends to do the right thing—only he does not do it. He gets beyond his intellectual sphere, is befogged, and lost." Our author, upon his opening sermon, says, "Of all writers, ancient and modern, Shakespeare is most intensely human. The strength and weakness of man, the faithfulness and fickleness of woman, the virtue and vice of kings, the truth and treachery of subjects, the soul-conquering evil, the spirit sinning and doomed, each mood of joy and grief, passion and pain, laughter and tears, are all in Shakespeare." Brutus was the type of man that the world loved in his day. He had an intense love of home and country. "Patriotism was the groundwork of his character." Brutus was no coward. He loved peace, but knew there could be peace which was not blessed. He was gentle, as he was brave, and compassion and tenderness held over him a masterful force. As Antony said in his oration: "His life is gentle; and the elements so mixed in him that nature, aye, and God shall say to all the world, 'This is a man.'" Mr. Simonds quotes Mrs. Jamieson in opening his sermon on "Faithful Cordelia." She says: "It appears to me that Cordelia's character rests upon the two sublimest principles of human action—the love of truth and the sense of duty; but these, when they stand alone, are apt to strike us as severe and cold. Shakespeare has, therefore, wreathed them round with the dearest attributes of our feminine nature, the power of feeling and inspiring affection. If Cordelia reminds us of anything on earth, it is one of the Madonnas in the old Italian pictures, with downcast eyes beneath the Almighty love," and as that heavenly form is connected with our human sympathies only by the expression of maternal tenderness, or maternal sorrow, even so Cordelia would be almost too angelic were she not linked to our earthly feelings, bound to our very hearts, by her filial love, her wrongs, her sufferings, her tears."

Speaking in critical comment of Desdemona, our author says: "In herself Desdemona is not more interesting than several of the poet's other characters, but perhaps none of the others is in condition so proper for developing the innermost springs of pathos. In her character and sufferings there is a nameless something that haunts the reader's mind and hangs like a spell of compassionate sorrow upon the beating of his heart." Dr. Johnson says: "The soft simplicity of Desdemona, confident of merit, and conscious of innocence, her artless perseverance in her suit and her slowness to suspect that she can be suspected, are such proofs of Shakespeare's skill in human nature as I suppose it is in vain to seek in modern virtues." Then follows "Hamlet," the most studied of all Shakespeare's work. Victor Hugo says of Hamlet: "Other works of the human mind equal Hamlet; none surpasses it. There is Hamlet all the majesty of the mournful. A drama issuing from an open sepulcher, this is colossal. Doubt counseled by a ghost, such is Hamlet." "Lady Macbeth" is the closing sermon, and our author quotes the words of many of the most thoughtful, scholarly writers of the world, before preaching his sermon. Among these: "All the great crimes in Shakespeare are inspired by wicked women; men may execute but cannot conceive them. The creature of sentiment is more depraved than the man of crime. We feel that in committing the murder, Macbeth succumbed to a depravity stronger than his own. The strength of depravity is the ardent imagination of his wife. Such a Macbeth! It is crime! It is remorse! It is the weakness of a strong man opposed to the seductions of a perverted and passionate woman. Above all is the immediate expiation of crime by the secret vengeance of God. Herein lies the invincible morality of Shakespeare. The poet is in harmony with God." We have not space in a brief review to follow these admirable sermons, which analyze so admirably these great historic characters, but have simply aimed to catch their spirit in the critical comment in keeping with the several subjects. They make up pleasing and profitable studies and analyze with a master hand the inner life and meaning of these classic dramas, not seen by the hurried or the less thoughtful reader. The closest readers of the great poet will most enjoy the volume.



The California Limited

Via Santa Fe Route, is the best and speediest train to California: Chicago to Los Angeles in 2¾ days, three times a week. Pullmans, dining car, buffet smoking car with barber shop, and observation car with spacious parlor for ladies and children, vestibuled and electric lighted.

Address General Passenger Office,
The Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe Railway,
CHICAGO.

UNITY

VOLUME XLII. THURSDAY, JANUARY 12, 1899. NUMBER 20.

If there is to be blood shed by the United States on Philippine soil, we hope it will be done at the outset and done promptly, and thereby test the conscience problems involved and thus save life farther on.

The great perplexity of the sensitive soul arises from convention on the one hand, demanding the proper and the becoming; instinct, passion, conscience, the potency within, call it what you will, on the other hand, demanding a singleness of aim, unwavering fidelity. The human heart and head often points one way; the church often seems to point another. The will of the man and the will of God in apparent conflict. The very statement of the conflict is difficult and dangerous, but some things may be safely depended upon. Love is a safer guide than prudence. The living conscience of one man is more authoritative to that man than the dead rules of past generations. When the church of miracle sets itself over against the church of law the miracle must yield, for law holds. Not the church of tradition, however, imposing, tests ultimately the life of man, but the religion of nature, that is to say, the religion that calls for the integrity of human heart and head, the religion that consecrates the powers now in hand, that leads out the forces of the life that now is, is the only religion that abides. There is no peace to be found in compromise, no reconciliation in postponement and concealment. The only settlement comes in the recognition of the prior claim, obedience to the higher court. Fidelity to one's own self must precede all fidelities.

The resignation of Rev. Thomas B. Gregory from the pastorate of the Church of the Redeemer (Universalist) in Chicago, brings into sharp issue the radical and the conservative forces in religion—the "deacon" as a type of the cautious, hesitating business man on the one hand and the outspoken, perhaps blunt, always fearless utterances of the preacher on the other hand; the first arguing from the threatened treasury, the other taking council of his studies and his conscience. When the issue is forced it is necessarily unjust to both sides, or, rather, both sides are unjust to themselves, because no great issue can be reduced to two sides. It is not for us to pronounce upon the questions involved in this local issue. It is simply a case of inharmony and the bonds should be broken on the adequate cause of "incompatibility." But it shows that this struggle between radicalism and conservatism, between the fearless preacher and the cautious trustee, between formulated creed, written or unwritten, and the aggressive spirit, exists in the so-called "liberal" as in the so-called "orthodox" churches. Universalists rejoice in the greatest of names, but the organizations that bear the great name often exemplify the severest partialism. They want a "universalism" that does not universalize on this side of death. They are afraid of the, to use the phrase of one of their own editors, "wide open policy." In saying this we are making no special charges against Universalism. It is only another caution to those who are in danger of being "wise in their own conceit," under any denominational or no denominational name.

"Watchman, tell us of the night,
What its signs of promise are."

This is as much the demand of the multitude in the valley to-day as in the dark days of Hebrew history. History promptly proves that there were signs of promise in the darkest of nights that ever settled down over timid and shivering hearts in the past. All analogies warrant the conclusion that there are signs of promise to-day, and the reformer who does not foresee the ultimate defeat of evil and the ultimate triumph of good may still be a reformer, but he is not of the highest kind. His call for reform is legitimate, but his philosophy of the outcome is inadequate. Carlyle and Emerson had much in common. They were drawn together by strong ties of affinity in thought and kindred aspirations, but Carlyle stood in the shadows as Emerson stood in the sunlight. The message of the one faltered before it reached its larger constituency, while the other carried to the waiting people. Carlyle's constituency may be narrowing. Emerson's constituency is unquestionably widening day by day. What are the signs of promise to-day as to the condition of the laboring men, women and children; of the criminals and dependent; as to the rich and the educated? What are the signs of promise for a better education, a saner religion? What are the hopeful things in church, club and state? Will not our contributors and correspondents send to us the signs of promise that present themselves among the classes and among the masses, from the East and from the West? We will be glad to fill the columns of UNITY with the signs of promise, restricting our correspondence only by the limitations of space, good taste and good English. May we hear from you?

The revelations made and promised in the jury bribing cases are one more link in the chain of gratitude which binds the citizen to the traction companies of Chicago. That such a system exists is a matter of common belief. Men of more or less legal standing are said to have solicited the opportunity to help out struggling corporations in their unequal battle with poor but mangled plaintiffs. The philanthropy of Mr. Yerkes is splendid. We continually find the field of his modest beneficence widening to include more and more of those in positions of public trust. Drop a nickel in the slot and it will be well spent toward managing your public affairs. Give Mr. Yerkes a nickel and he will show you how to do things.

The recent donation of the tract of land, for athletic sports, to the University of Chicago, is a striking example of a wholesome change in American ideals of education. Not that other colleges have not benefited by possessing such grounds, but usually they have been secured by the devoted enthusiasm of young graduates and even students. That wholesome manliness in masses of young men is dependent on vigorous occupation out of study hours is a maxim that our "successful" business men have long failed to recognize. It is the lesson preëminently taught in "Tom Brown at Rugby." That field is one of the essentials of the University; may buildings never hide it. May its precincts never exchange the long hair of the football player for the long hair of the over-bookish, old-fashioned student, who consumes too much of Mr. Rockefeller's output.

The Cause, the monthly journal edited by our neighbor, William M. Salter, in the interest of the Ethical Culture Society, of which he is the helpful teacher, welcomes the Illinois Consumers' League and asks, "Why does not the League give the public a list of fair houses (i. e., of those that conform to the idea of the standard)? This is done in Philadelphia and New York. It is the very function of a Consumers' League to do the investigating necessary to the preparation of such a list and to keep an eye on the business houses recommended—and put them on or off as circumstances require." This is the very work the Consumers' League has set for itself to do, but as yet the League is in its infancy. We join with *The Cause* in hoping that it will be able to give to the shoppers of Chicago such a list at an early date and we look for a sense of justice among the favored that will surely gravitate downward until it will be no longer profitable to offer sweat-shop goods or other articles made under unwholesome and unrighteous conditions to a conscience-developed, purchasing public.

Senator Mason of Illinois seems to be one of the few members of Congress that remember the humanitarian call for the war for Cuba and that have not been swept off their feet by the brilliant achievements of the American navy and the fascinating prospects of great possessions in Asiatic waters. The following resolution, which he offered last week in the Senate of the United States, seems to us like reënacting the Golden Rule or passing a resolution indorsing the Ten Commandments. And still the fact that it was reported as a surprise and regarded as an intrusion is evidence that is was timely. Whatever disposition may be made of it, we thank Mr. Mason for introducing it and congratulate him on the simple directness with which he has gone to the heart of the matter, as it seems to us:

Whereas, All just powers of government are derived from the consent of the governed; therefore, be it

Resolved, By the Senate of the United States, that the government of the United States of America will not attempt to govern the people of any other country in the world without the consent of the people themselves, or subject them by force to our dominion against their will.

Prophecy is good, but accomplishment is better. Theories must go before practice, and when theories begin to work they take on themselves added efficiency. The following Christmas letter from a Toledo manufacturing firm to its employes is one of the hopeful notes of the time. It is an earnest of that better social order and more just economic life which is surely coming. The president of this company is the honored mayor of the city of Toledo, Samuel M. Jones, of whom we have recently spoken:

Dear Brother:—Following our custom for the past few years, we enclose herein our check in your favor for the sum of ———, that being five per cent. on the amount that has been paid you in wages by this company during the past year. This is not intended as a charitable gift; it is an expression of good-will, a recognition of faithful service, and an admission that the present wage system is not scientific, therefore not a just system; further, it is doing the best we know at the present moment in the way of making a beginning that will finally lead us to a condition of life (brotherhood), where the question of what a person shall receive as a reward for his labor will no longer be a mere matter of chance, depending upon the necessity of the one and the greed of the other, as is the case at present, but where justice will prevail and where every man will be secure in the enjoyment of all of the fruit of the labor of his hands. If in the future there shall appear a better way to contribute to this end, we hope to be as ready to adopt it as we were to adopt this little division of profit. Accompanying this dividend, we hand you a little booklet, our fifth annual Christmas greeting, wherein you will find our views upon the subject of social relations somewhat fully discussed, and we commend the same to your thoughtful consideration.

We wish you all always a merry Christmas and a useful, that is, happy New Year.

Very faithfully yours,
For the Acme Sucker Rod Company.

Toledo, Dec. 25, 1898.

Mechanical Necessities.

The "apathy of the people," or, as Professor Ely of the University of Wisconsin fallaciously terms it, the "apathy of good citizens," has been done to a crisp. It is time we fairly faced the situation and came to a realizing sense of the mechanical defects in our system of government and boldly set out to remedy them. Neither the "people" nor the "good citizen" have unlimited time at their disposal to attend to other matters than bread-winning. The corporate lobbyist and the machine politician, on the other hand, have no other business from year end to year end than to force upon the people misrepresentative government. However richly these people deserve the treatment received by friendless dogs in the public pound, we cannot advocate such measures. The same opportunities would breed a fresh litter, and the example of lawless violence would be nearly as degrading as the crimes of which these men are guilty.

We do not live under popular government in the state of Illinois or city of Chicago. There is no human being in the confines of the state so unpopular, so despised and detested as the governor of Illinois. No one wanted him except a few politicians and capitalists, who saw a chance to exploit his sort of an executive. He was foisted on the people by a "machine" and has justified the worst fears of everyone. He does not represent any reputable element of this community.

After Herculean struggles we have a council that is better than any preceding it. But the majority members of that body represent themselves and their bribers, and not the people. We must struggle and fight against machines with the weapons at hand until we can secure better ones, but better ones we must have. The smoky powder of the partisan caucus must be done away with. We must be done with the futile attempt to run municipal business on the irrelevant issues of national policies. We must have a bribery law which will permit either party to bribery to purge himself of punishment by giving evidence of the crime of the other party. No bribe giver could bear such a strain. And the bribe giver is the guiltier party to the transaction. We must have in our cities a general ticket doing away with ward lines and elected on a system of proportional representation, so that the votes of the minority are not thrown away. And as the vast consolidations of business may put such a price upon the votes of public servants that the average man cannot bear the strain, we must have the initiative and referendum. It is educative to bring questions direct to the people; it takes time to settle great questions, and the whole people cannot be bought.

The present system is neither representative government, popular government, democratic nor republican. It is a sort of contrivance made into an infernal machine by the dynamite of boodle. The people can force better things occasionally, and are actually improving the situation, even under all the adverse conditions, but the charge of raw volunteers with Springfield muskets is not a fair battle when we see the intrenchments on the other side. We have secured the Civil Service Law, the Jury Law and the Revenue Law. We need some more like them, and, having attained them, our enemy, the machine, will be obliged to turn its attention to honorable pursuits or board at the state expense. How much cheaper it would be to feed these men on the frugal fare of Joliet than it is to support them in their present course of life.

The "Secularization" of the Church.

This is a phrase frequently offered as a criticism upon the churches that undertake to apply themselves to the practical problems of morals and religion as they present themselves during the six working days of the week and take into the pulpit the civic and social problems of the day. There are churches that still undertake to justify their sectarian preferences and confine themselves to what they call the spiritual problems, which generally means "consolations" for the tired and the discouraged, and more or less rhapsodic preparation in one way or another for blissful post-mortem experiences. If the church undertakes to sustain a kindergarten, open reading rooms, foster libraries or study the poets, such a church is sure to hear that it is secularizing itself, and there is an anxiety lest the minister lose his spirituality. Now any definition of religious work or thought that leaves out such activities is to our mind inadequate, and the spirituality that is more enamored of heaven than of earth is too ghostly to meet the higher demands of the soul. As a matter of fact, it is the working religion that is always most fervent, and the attempts to apply the requirements of religion always mark the live centers of religion. When the Wesleys and their associates were Methodizing religion, putting it into harness and into form, giving it tasks to do every day in the week and every hour in the day, they were also producing that rapt enthusiasm represented by Dinah Morris, as portrayed in George Eliot's "Adam Bede." No one will suspect the Salvation Army of being wanting in emotion. If they are anything, they are fervent, and General Booth is one of the practical humanitarians of the age. He has penetrated into darkest London and instituted most practical and far-reaching reforms and reliefs. And is it not true that the churches of to-day that are keeping open house all the week, institutionalizing their theories, trying to embody their pretensions and to draw from modern as well as ancient fountains of inspiration, are the churches sought on Sunday, and where the spirit of devotion is sought and found? Certainly the would-be protectors of the spirituality of the church and those who are fearful of secularizing their piety are also to be found in the churches that depend in vain upon social attractions, pew renting, fair-running and ticket-selling activities to maintain a waning life in a doleful religion.

Whatever the tasks of the church may be in the way of saving souls for the next world and of studying the constitution of heaven, one thing is sure, that when it lays securely the basis of the religious life in ethics, plain morality and everyday honesty, and adds to this a noble loyalty to the state and a deep anxiety for society, it has gone a great way toward securing the joy of the mystic and the beauty of the saint, and it has made a safe beginning for whatever is good and glorious farther on.

Concerning "Inferior Races."

When we Americans talk about expansion and the government of races we deem "inferior" it is well to look at our past. Our people found on the Atlantic seaboard a sufficient number of native inhabitants to make business precarious. Where are they now? Are they uplifted to the civilization that is run by caucus and lobby, or do they fill respectable if forgotten barbarian graves? Our people worked westward, as has been their habit from time back of history, and they met more Indians. In state building they chopped the trees that kept out the sunlight, and incidentally "drave out the heathen and the beast" that harried them or their crops. At any rate, the "heathen and the beast" disappeared. Annexation of the great South and Western stretches resulted in the same story, and heathen and beast went down to an equal fate. When the Pacific was reached, and the "heathen" was literally run into the sea, another phase of American civilization cropped out. There was in California an ancient Spanish population, which had managed to "convert" the Indians and which permitted their existence under circumstances not altogether adverse. Their souls were saved by pious prayers, which was a good thing, and their bodies by arduous toil, which was a better thing. They were weaned away from their pristine diet of caterpillars and grasshoppers, and learned the

charms of beef waste and clothing. Where are teachers and pupils now? The map shows Spanish names. Saints innumerable have put their euphonious Castilian epithets on the map, but saint and Spaniard and Digger Indian are alike removed. "Hustle" and whisky and lead have Americanized California, and when again, later in its history, California was threatened with the "heathen," California had no foolish qualms. California was a white man's country which refused to be starved out by yellow competition. It had been won from Digger Indian and Spaniard, and refused to be given over to conquest, even peaceful conquest, by Chinamen. The question was met in a bold, frank way, and since then the action of California has been followed by the general government until the United States is less likely to be an eleemosynary institute for the world. We made a citizen of the negro, irrespective of qualifications, and have since been sorry for it, and state after state is laboriously retracing the evils of "Carpet-bag Humanity." The exceptional negro is welcomed to citizenship; the average negro is unfit for it, and will be till time and responsibility have had a chance to change him.

And now we talk of "Destiny" and things. Our previous experience with inferior races is one long, unvarying chapter of killing and "driving out." Can we kill or drive into the sea the inhabitants of Cuba? Will they gracefully succumb, as did the Spanish of California? Can we clean off with ax and plow and rifle the millions in the Philippines, and inhabit that pestilence-laden land ourselves? Or shall we find in the path of "Destiny and Duty" something that will change the whole history of our people? Shall we learn the rights of the inferior races to "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness?" History is certainly against that view. The sooner we get out of relations with other races the better for the other races and the better for ourselves.

Notes.

We have had considerable disgruntled talk during the past year about the failure of republican institutions. We have not at least come to this point that it costs three millions annually to sustain a royal family, as in England. Italy pays her king two and a half million a year. The civil list of the German emperor is about four millions a year, besides large revenues coming from the private estates of the royal family he has an income of twelve millions of dollars, and owns one million square miles of land. Bankrupt Spain, whether she can pay her debts or not, must pay her boy king and the royal family two millions every year. Our president must get along on fifty thousand a year and no allowances for a large family. We can stand a good many prophecies from such writers as W. H. H. Lecky and Sir Henry Maine so long as the facts are so pronounced in our favor.

Europe has been an almost unending battlefield, largely owing to the personal ambitions of its monarchs. Every square acre has been fought over and over again by royalty, with the people as soldiers, and the end, in almost all cases, dynastic. From eleven hundred and forty-one to eighteen fifteen there were between England and France alone two hundred and sixty-six years of desolating warfare.

Tea and coffee produce exhilaration, as does wine, but they all produce intoxication, as do all narcotics. Two servant girls were a few years ago arrested in Boston on the charge of disorderly conduct. Investigation showed that both were intoxicated as the result of chewing tea. The habit of tea cigarette smoking, which originated in Paris a few years ago, has recently been introduced into this country, and already the baneful effects of the poison of tea received into the system in this way are recognized among certain classes of women in our large cities. Sir B. W. Richardson says the evils that follow tea drinking are: "Deficiency of saliva; destruction of taste for food, biliousness; nausea; constipation; an extreme and undefinable nervousness, and nightmare whenever sleep is obtained."

Whatever is worthy of existence is worthy of a good definition. How will this do for the Congress of Religion? Its purpose is to encourage the fellowship and coöperation of all classes and sects of religious people. Second, to promote the fellowship and encourage the advanced guards. Third, to prevent the lapse of sectarianism into materialism. Fourth, to prevent the lapse of liberalism into indifferentism.

The threat of General Egan to have General Miles court martialed gives the American people a timely warning that we have about enough of this sort of government. Martial law must never compete with civil law in this republic of ours. If poisonous or stinking beef was furnished the army, and the commanding general has told of it, court martial the beef and let the commissary general be tried in the people's courts. They will deal with him sharply enough. Will not a temporary increase of our army, say for five years, give us all the extra military service that we shall need without any permanent increase of the army beyond its present equipment? The Philippines and Cuba will by that time be under sound colonial or territorial government. The problem will no longer be a military problem.

Col. Waterson of the Louisville *Courier Journal* says that we shall soon see the Republican party nominate for the next election President McKinley and General Joseph Wheeler. He proposes that the Democratic party nominate Commodore Dewey and General Fitzhugh Lee, with no other platform than "The Stars and Stripes, God Bless Them." That is the exact platform that McKinley and Wheeler now stand on. The two parties would then be on one platform—as they should be. Why not nominate the same ticket? The Democratic party could do a worse thing than indorse McKinley and let Dewey and Lee wait till 1904. This would be a victory of Democracy only second to the election of Jefferson in 1800.

The need of sustaining the old Democratic idea of state right and state integrity was never more evident than now. The local politics of Boston is of no more interest in Chicago than the local politics of Chicago in Boston. As our country grows larger we must sustain with unflinching integrity local home rule. It has been well said by one of our ablest statemen, that while a kingdom or a democracy was safer the smaller it was, a republic of federated states was stronger the larger it was. The danger to our republic can come, not from expansion, but from weakening the integrity of the states.

E. P. Powell.

To make great gifts effective may be easy, but to take common gifts and make them yield their best returns—that is what helps us all.—*F. G. Peabody.*

Progress in American Archæology.

There has never been a time when popular interest in American antiquities was as great as now. It is impossible to mention all the important recent works, but in this article we shall briefly mention some of the more interesting phases.

"Peabody Museum of American Archæology and Ethnology."* We have already reported in these columns the appearance of No. 1 of Vol. I of these memoirs. The numbers deal with independent topics and are issued separately. Numbers 2, 3, 4, 5 of Vol. I have recently appeared. All deal with investigations in Yucatan or Central America. Numbers 2 and 3 are by Edward H. Thompson and deal with Yucatec material. The Cave of Loltun was examined in 1888 and again in 1890. It is an extensive subterranean channel of irregular form, presenting several chambers of considerable size. The roof over the third chamber has fallen and the sunlight enters through a roughly circular aperture bordered with vegetation. In the cave were found evidences of former human occupancy. Of these the haltuns, or water troughs, cut in stone, are curious. In the accumulations on the floor were found objects of stone, shell and pottery. Among the most interesting are neatly made bone needles, polished and pierced with eyes. Human teeth were found which had been filed during life. This ethnic mutilation is of considerable interest. Several inscriptions were found carved on the cave walls. Mr. Mercer has also studied the Cave of Loltun and describes it in his "Hill Caves of Yucatan;" twenty-eight pages are devoted to it. Mr. Mercer's work, done probably in 1895, was published in 1896. Thompson's, done in 1888 and 1890, appeared only in 1897. It is unfortunate that the museum is obliged to keep investigations so long unpublished. It is hardly fair to the workers. In "The Chultunes of Labna" Mr. Thompson describes a number of curious subterranean constructions. While John L. Stephens and other writers have mentioned or described these, no one seems previously to have made a serious examination of them. They present a narrow, round neck opening below into a dome-shaped or bell-shaped chamber or reservoir. This has a flat bottom and the whole interior is often smoothly finished with cement. That these chultunes were originally intended for water reservoirs seems probable. Mr. Thompson thinks many of them began as simple excavations for a special kind of white earth. They were then finished more or less neatly to serve as cisterns. In some cases they later served the purposes of burial. Those described by the author are usually sealed or covered with stone slabs; the floor is more or less covered by a heap of earth, decayed vegetable matter, etc., which has accidentally fallen in or has been purposely introduced by man. The highest part of this mound or heap is below the opening of the chultune. Mr. Thompson opened more than sixty of these curious chambers and excavated the contained mound. Relics and some remains—in one case two skeletons in one chultune—were found. A few of the chambers had forms of animals or birds made in relief on the wall within. So far as described these represent a duck, a long-necked bird, a turtle, a snake and a toad. It will be noticed that these were all water animals or amphibians, a fact not surprising when we remember that the chultunes were water reservoirs. Numbers 4 and 5 of these papers are by George Byron Gordon, who has for some years been pursuing investigations in Central America. In "Researches in the Uloa Valley" he describes relics dug from the alluvial deposits of a large river. The material is chiefly pottery and in fragments. Several groups of ware are recognized, but little that is peculiar is claimed. But art culture appears to be represented, and that is clearly Mayan. In "Caverns of Copan, Honduras," are presented the results of excavations made in caves near the famous ruins. In one of the caves several vessels of pottery were found in a complete or approximately complete condition. These present considerable uniformity in form and character and some unlikeness to those from around the ruins. Mr. Gordon seems in doubt whether to consider these as representing an older and different culture, or as belonging to some special ritual of the Copanese themselves.

"A New Manual of Archæology."** There has long been a crying need of a compact, comprehensive statement of present knowledge in North American archæology. This little book aims to meet this need. Cyrus Thomas was for years in charge of the mound explorations carried on by the Bureau of Ethnology and wrote two voluminous reports upon that investigation. He has also been a diligent student of the Aztec and Mayan hieroglyphic manuscripts, printing important papers regarding them. The plan of his last work is fairly symmetrical. Geographically, the field of American archæology is divided into three more or less clearly marked divisions, which are also fairly defined culture areas. These are the Arctic, Atlantic and Pacific Divisions. The monuments and relics of each district are separately studied. Theoretical suggestions follow in which origins, migrations and intermixtures of peoples are considered. Dr. Thomas seems to see only Asiatic origin for American Indians, and apparently—though he is not clear—recognizes but one source. Although clearly indicating profound differences between the types of his three divisions, he does not seem to think of their hinting at original diversity, but simply at local differentiation. While the book is comprehensive several interesting and important topics are completely ignored. That "glacial man" should be omitted is perhaps pardonable, in view of the present unsettled state of the question, but that the salt-water shell heaps of New England, etc., the fresh-water shell heaps of Florida and the famous Madisonville Cemetery, in Ohio, should be neglected is unfortunate. This book is not a report of government work in archæology, but an "introduction to study;" it should go outside the range of Bureau of Ethnology Reports when necessary. The discussion of the mounds falls far short of what we justly expect. It lacks symmetry, development and coherence. We would not, however, be misunderstood. We have criticised some points. That is not to say that the book is bad; it is only to say that the book is not so good as we expected it to be. It is, however, handy, interesting and suggestive; it is timely; it will be useful.

"The Free Museum of Science and Art"*** of the University of Pennsylvania pushes steadily forward. Especial progress is making in the direction of archæology and ethnography. Substantial evidence is found in the "Bulletin." This began publication in May, 1897, and four numbers have so far appeared. The intention is to issue it "four times a year or as frequently as occasion may require. It will contain a resumé of the collections made by the museum, notices of publications referring to the work of the museum, and brief papers by its officers, of general scientific interest." As a matter of fact, the "Bulletin" has contained several highly important papers by authors like Max Uhle, Stewart Culin, Henry C. Mercer and Daniel G. Brinton. Without intention of discriminating, we may specially mention Dr. Uhle's papers, "A Modern Kipu from Bolivia" and "A Snuffing Tube from Tiahuanaco." A feature of museum work, emphasized by Dr. Culin, is "Special Collections." Public exhibiting of these give opportunity for giving stress to the idea and increasing popular interest. Lectures are presented in connection with the

work of the museum and abstracts of these, if not the full text, are printed. Collections, field work, public displays, lectures, publication, all show the lively interest taken by the University and warrant hope for grand results in the future.

"The Pepper-Hearst Expedition."*** A part of the field work done by the University is an important exploration in Southern Florida by Frank Hamilton Cushing. Attention was called, early in 1895, to some curious finds in the Gulf Coast district of Florida. Becoming convinced that an important field had been discovered, he was sent out in behalf of the museum at the expense of Provost William Pepper and Mrs. Phœbe Hearst. He found that many of the small islands or keys of Southern Florida were largely or wholly of artificial construction. These were sometimes of regular form, terraced and surmounted by well-shaped mounds, all composed of shells carefully placed. Connected with these were evidences of villages, the houses of which were supported on piles above water. Many interesting and curious relics were found in soft, mulchy swamp deposits. Of these the wooden objects were the most remarkable. Beautiful highly finished hardwood clubs, armed along the edges with shark's teeth, suggest the well-known weapons of some South Sea Islanders. Of unusual interest were the wooden spear-throwing sticks presenting at least two distinct types, one of which is quaintly carved at the end to an animal form. "Toy canoes"—at least miniature canoes—were found. Adzes of shell mounted on wooden handles and war-clubs composed of shells fastened to stick handles occurred. Striking and curious were the masks of wood and the animal figureheads accompanying them; plainly ceremonial. Mr. Cushing makes some interesting suggestions regarding their significance and use. The preliminary report of Mr. Cushing's work comprises 120 pages of text and eleven plates. It can be procured from the museum. After describing his work and the specimens found he institutes a comparison between his key dwellers and the mound builders of the southern states. He considers the latter related to and probably descendants of the former.

"Clrance B. Moore's Work."**** From 1894 to the present date have appeared a number of works, beautiful in appearance and interesting in matter, describing one of the most complete investigations into American archæology. Most of our work in this century has been superficial. Prof. Putnam's explorations of the Scioto Valley mounds and of a certain area of stone grave mounds in Tennessee approach completeness; the work of Moorehead, Fowke and others in Ohio is in the right direction. The work to which we here refer is, however, in many ways a model. Mr. Clarence B. Moore is the worker and Florida and parts of Georgia and South Carolina are the field. Mr. Moore's first report is upon the shell heaps of the St. John's River in Florida. First printed as articles in the *American Naturalist*, these were afterward reprinted in an octavo volume. Later the sand mounds of the same area were studies. The reports of this work appeared as handsome quarto papers, through the *Journal* of the Philadelphia Acadamy of Science. Mr. Moore himself writes the general report of his work and results. With very few exceptions, where permission to excavate could not be secured, all the mounds in the district were studied. No pains or expense were spared. Usually the whole mound was leveled; sometimes it was reconstructed after excavation. A large force of workmen was employed. Careful oversight was exercised and the exact position of all objects found was noted. In his report Mr. Moore gives a concise but adequate description of the form and size of the mound and of its interior construction. He describes the contents, whether relics or remains, and when desirable illustrates them. Constant comparison with analogous finds elsewhere is a great help to the student. To Mr. Moore's own reports are added special reports by Prof. Holmes on the pottery found and by Dr. Harrison Allen on the crania. Nothing of greater importance and little of equal consequence has ever been printed regarding the archæology of any part of the United States. In his later work, now in progress, in Georgia and Carolina, Mr. Moore is pursuing the same careful and thorough methods.

FREDERICK STARR.

*Memoirs of the Peabody Museum of American Archæology and Ethnology, Harvard University. 4mo, vol. i.
No. 2. Cave of Loltun, Yucatan. Edward H. Thompson, pp. 22. pl. viii.
No. 3. The Chultunes of Labna, Yucatan. Edward H. Thompson, pp. 20. pl. xiii.
No 4. Researches in the Uloa Valley, Honduras. George Byron Gordon, pp. 41. pl. xii.
No. 5. Caverns of Copan, Honduras. George Byron Gordon, pp. 12. pl. i.

**Introduction to the Study of North American Archæology. Cyrus Thomas. Cincinnati. Robert Clarke Co. 1898. 16mo. pp. xiv. 391.

***Bulletin of the Free Museum of Science and Art, University of Pennsylvania. Vol i. four numbers.
Preliminary Report on the Exploration of Ancient Key-dweller Remains on the Gulf-coast of Florida. Frank H. Cushing.

****Certain Shell Heaps of the Saint John's River, Florida. Clarence B. Moore. Reprinted from American Naturalist. 8mo.
Certain Sand Mounds of the Saint John's River, Florida. Reprinted from the Journal of the Philadelphia Academy of Science. 4mo. and 14 other papers.

Good Poetry.

The World is too much with us, late and soon,
Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers;
Little we see in Nature that is ours;
We have given our hearts away, a sordid boon.

This Sea that bares her bosom to the moon,
The winds that will be howling at all hours
And are up-gather'd now like sleeping flowers,
For this, for everything, we are out of tune.

It moves us not—Great God! I'd rather be
A Pagan suckled in a creed outworn—
So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,
Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn;
Have sight of Proteus rising from the sea,
Or hear old Triton blow his wreathed horn.

—*William Wordsworth.*

The Chambered Nautilus.

This is the ship of pearl, which, poets feign,
Sails the unshadowed main—
The venturous bark that flings
On the sweet summer wind its purpled wings
In gulfs enchanted, where the Siren sings,
And coral reefs lie bare,
Where the cold sea-maids rise to sun their streaming hair.

Its webs of living gauze no more unfurl;
Wrecked is the ship of pearl!
And every chambered cell,
Where its dim dreaming life was wont to dwell,
As the frail tenant shaped his growing shell,
Before thee lies revealed—
Its irised ceiling rent, its sunless crypt unsealed!

Year after year beheld the silent toil
That spread his lustrous coil;
Still as the spiral grew,
He left the past year's dwelling for the new,
Stole with soft step its shining archway through,
Built up its idle door,
Stretched in his last-found home, and knew the old no more.

Thanks for the heavenly message brought by thee,
Child of the wandering sea,
Cast from her lap forlorn!
From thy dead lips a clearer note is born
Than ever Triton blew from wreathed horn!
While on mine ear it rings,
Through the deep caves of thought I hear a voice that sings:

Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,
As the swift seasons roll!
Leave thy low-vaulted past!
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
Till thou at length art free.
Leaving thy outgrown shell by life's unresting sea!

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

Some Newspaper "Scientists."

Death has brought "Inventor" Keeley before the public. Has he been immortal we should never have heard of him again, but death gives to many a transient notoriety. Their names appear in the papers, which seems to be the ultimate goal they strive for.

Mr. Kinraide, Keeley's successor, is a man who, like Keeley, has been busy with the problem of getting something out of nothing. Formerly he was the professional nurse and companion of an invalid millionaire spiritualist, and was reported to be also a spiritualist and an expert in the handling of the astral body. On the death of his patient he found himself in a position to carry on experiments in "science," so called, on a scale that could hardly be afforded by a wealthy university. He is not wholly without merit, having gotten out a very good flourescent screen for X-ray work and made one or two improvements in the induction coil. He is a modest man but misguided. He firmly believes that there is a vast source of power in sound, which knowledge of physics does not justify. He is evidently self-deluded and honest, which can scarcely be said of Keeley, for Keeley *did things* and then got people to put up money on the strength of what they saw. The things that Keeley did have been pretty well explained and there is little doubt that they were all palpable deceptions.

As an example of the methods employed by him to keep his backers from bewailing the lack of dividends, we may cite his experiments at Long Branch, which took place some fifteen years ago. He had a small cannon, screwed to the breech of which was a bell or resonator. The chamber of the gun was connected with a metal cylinder by means of a small tube furnished with a stop-cock. This cylinder he claimed to be filled with his inter-atomic-ether, which developed enormous power when thrown into vibration by the resonator. To demonstrate this to the satisfaction of the spectators, he rammed a bullet into the gun, opened the valve which admitted the wonderful fluid, and then struck the bell a blow with a hammer, when a slight explosion occurred and the ball was ejected with considerable force. There was always a puff of white vapor precisely like that which issues from the muzzle of a gun fired with compressed air. Between each shot the inventor was obliged to open and work on the interior of the breech. The following explanation was given of the trick: The posterior chamber of the breech was separated from the barrel by a collar over which a washer of leather or rubber was placed. The cylinder contained compressed air, which was admitted slowly to the chamber behind the washer, by the opening of the stop-cock. Some moments were required for the pressure to rise to the point at which the washer would give way, and Keeley usually rang the bell a number of times in rapid succession in order to allow a little leeway.

Keeley was hardly a self-deluded man. There is another so-called scientist who frequently blossoms in print without adequate excuse, in the person of Mr. Elmer Gates of Washington. Mr. Gates announces an epoch-making discovery semi-annually or oftener, and manages to occupy the entire front page of the Sunday paper, to the glory of himself, the astonishment of the ignorant, and mental torture and agony of those who know anything about the matter. Like Mr. Kinraide he has a millionaire patroness and has equipped for himself a laboratory of great splendor but of amazing unproductiveness. Several years ago the papers were full of his wonderful vacuum. He stated that he had at last produced what has always baffled science—an absolute vacuum. He claimed that by filling a tube with molten glass and then drawing out a piston, a bubble formed within the mass of the glass which was the long-sought absolute vacuum. The most amusing part of the whole thing was that he described experiments with delicately poised metal vanes within this terribly void space, but neglected to inform us how the vanes were introduced into the vacuum bubble without admitting the air.

Last year it was a wonderful scheme for increasing the power of telescopes a hundredfold, by examining the image formed by the object glass with a microscope, unmindful of the well-established fact that the finiteness of the wave length of light puts a perfectly fixed limit to the defining power of an optical instrument. Has anything more been heard of the discovery? The joke which he is now perpetrating on the public is that he has discovered chemicals that are affected by the human emotions. A lot of people sit around and blow through tubes into bottles, and the liquid in the bottle assumes a color depending on the thoughts of the person doing the blowing. While it is not impossible that the emotions give rise to chemical products within the body, any claimed experimental recognition of them may be pretty safely branded as a hoax until it receives the attention of scientific men of good standing. Such meta-chemical problems will be solved by the men who have devoted years of hard study to the fundamental principles of science and not by the sciolist blundering about in the dark.

The recent statements of Tesla about the transmission of power from Niagara to the Paris exposition through the upper regions of the air are sheer nonsense, as were the claims that he made a number of years ago that he had shaken the earth's electric charge and was actually on the eve of telegraphing through the globe itself to our friends at the antipodes.

A year or two ago there were wonderful reports of photographed mental impressions. Certain persons so far lost their moral sense that, to gain a passing notoriety, they claimed that by simply gazing at a photographic plate in a dark room the image of whatever was in their minds appeared on the developed plate. Unless I am mistaken some such tales emanated from a certain or uncertain laboratory in Washington. The result of these absurd reports was that a lot of people spent their valuable time in the dark, when they might have been better employed.

Why do the daily papers give so much space to the sciolist and so little to the scientist? Can the evil be abated, or does the sensation-desiring public prefer that it remain? It does not seem to be altogether the fault of the press, for it is certain that a large percentage of the reading public prefers sensation. A press censorship ought to be established over reported scientific marvels. It is true that to sift the true from the false is a difficult task. When the X-rays were first announced the discovery was scoffed at by many scientists of repute, though this was before they learned by whom and where the discovery was announced.

There seems to be no way of guarding against occasional mistakes in presenting imaginary discoveries made by previously unknown persons, but it seems as if the press might in some way be put on its guard against those well-known persons who go on year after year announcing fake discoveries and promising impossible things that are not and never will be realized. They are like Kipling's Bandarlog people:

> "Here we sit in a branchy row,
> Thinking of beautiful things we know;
> Dreaming of deeds that we mean to do,
> All complete in a minute or two—
> Something noble and grand and good,
> Won by merely wishing we could.
> Now we're going to—never mind,
> Brother, thy tail hangs down behind!"

University of Wisconsin. R. W. WOOD.

Out Doors.

The statute of limitations has run on John Calhoun Gray. Any how, I couldn't find his still if I tried, so it's safe to talk about a tough old friend who lived out doors, and for all his failure to buy revenue stamps, was a man who was "square to his friends," and only ran away from his enemies when they were too numerous to fight. There were plenty of turkeys in the "bottom," and so I set out with the district doctor to make a hunt with the chief "moonshiner." The doctor was essential to the "bottom," and therefore went and came through the great oak trees without let or hindrance. No one challenged him from the cane brakes beside the road or asked him to "get down and be shot," as has happened before this to land agents and men suspected of being revenue officers. We rode mile after mile through thickets of scrub oak and red oak, through clearings which had once been cotton-fields, but were now grown up to sedge grass, until finally the road turned down to the lowland, and corn-fields in amongst the deadened white oaks told of profitable cultivation. Inquire as you would, you could hear of no corn sent out to market. You could hear of no live stock fattened on corn; the hoe cake from those fields would have fed the multitude and the multitude was absent. All signs told one story, "moonshine whisky." But it would go hard with the man who tried to make the signs count in court. The doctor was welcome; his friend was therefore also welcome. There was a cheery "Get down and come inside" as soon as we reached the palings before the unpainted house in the clearing. When our horses were stabled and given their dozen ears of corn we were ushered in, and straightway a bottle with a stopper of corncob and filled with white liquid was placed before us. "We aint got much hyah," remarked the host, "by the doctah knows that what we have is youahs." He also answered a query by saying that the liquid in the bottle was about "three days old," volunteering in a mild vein of humor, "that sounds kind of suspicious, don't it?" There is no more graceful hospitality than that of the South, and we were made to feel it. We were given a supper of hoe cake and bacon, we were given the best of the splint bottomed chairs before the fire. Cal and his wife gave up the best bed to us, and before daylight our breakfast was ready and we rode out to call up the turkeys that Cal's son had scared off the roost the night before. It was my friend Cal who, having cautioned me to sit motionless against a tree, with a call made of a piece of cane, enticed the big gobbler within range, and it was Cal that was overjoyed when the gobbler kicked his long legs in the air. And when he called up another for me to a similar fate it was he who was the happiest host in the state. It was he who pulled the corn cob out of the bottle and said, "this is a fine mornin' for spoht, sah." And then we rode back through the beautiful timber, forced to stop every now and then to break the grape vines that looped across, occasionally having to make long detours around the bends of the stream that curved through the forest, until we heard the regular rhythm of the ax blows of the negro who was chopping wood for the "still," which I never saw and never wanted to see. The doctor came in later with a couple of turkeys and we sat down to a fried chicken dinner. Thereafter we rode away with our game and I have never seen or heard of my friend the moonshiner since. I have often thought of him and of his outlaw trade. I have wondered whether he has since lain out in the cane brake to avoid or "pot" revenue officers. He is, or was, in a wretched business. If none of my civilized friends who live in doors, dodged their taxes, if none of my acquaintances were accessory to bribery, I might feel like turning states evidence against John Calhoun Gray, who never had a chance to know better. No, I could not do that. I have broken his bread and eaten his salt. I have seen him pull out the corncob stopper. He is my friend.

"Uncle George," said Rollo. "Yes, Rollo," said Uncle George. "Why do the heathen rage, Uncle George, and why do the people imagine a vain thing?" "Politics, Rollo, I should say Congress, is full of strange bedfellows, and the heathen have found it out. The people are not imagining anything yet, when they do begin imagining things, Rollo, and when the jingo congressmen puts his ear to the ground to hear what it is they imagine, the ear will get frozen off; that's all, Rollo." "Thank you, Uncle George," said Rollo.

The Fable of the Two Polish Cats.

Two Polish cats (Mephites, Mephitica) once met at a narrow opening in a henyard fence. Being superpolite and somewhat overcharged with urbanity, they remained for some time arguing over the pros and cons of precedence.

At length, hearing something crack, and rightly surmising that dawn was breaking, one of them, smitten with a happy thought of a method of settling their differences, said, "Let us toss up a scent," to which the other acceded with cheerfulness and alacrity.

The result was that one of them fled supperless to the woods, while the other, retreating back into the yard, was slain by the farmer.

The moral of this fable is that in a universe governed by law, sensible beings should not trust to chance.

When I Am Gone.

When I am gone
I would the pain were spared to those,
The larger part of earth's inhabitants,
Sure to ensue, if they should learn and know
That I am dead, and really, truly gone
When I am gone.

I would not have the world flock round my tomb
To tramp the grass and kill the same with tears,
From which no good could come, perhaps
They might catch cold. I would not have
The song birds hushed, nor turnips cease their growth
When I am gone.

There'll be some few that really must feel grieved.
I hope their souls will soon recover cheer.
I would not like to feel, that thro' all time
I shall be wept and missed; 'twere better far
That those who still adorn earth's outmost crust
Should ponder on their gas bills, taxes, food
Than vainly howl and loudly shout my name
When I am gone.

When I am gone
I would not have the earth pause in its course,
Lest too one-sided baking should result.
And let the moon swing round, it joys her soul.
She'll not annoy me, romping with the sea
When I am gone.

I almost think—since others have gone out,
And still the house keeps open, and they play
The same old game of life, the same old voice
Of *croupier* Fate drones on his "Cash for chips,
And chips for cash"—I e'en at times suspect
That possibly, perchance, mayhap perhaps,
Things may go on as they have gone before
When I am gone.

WILLIAM KENT.

Humor is the laugh of charity. Literature is the vestibule of religion. Piety is the pervasive element of the best literature.—*Buckham.*

The Pulpit.

The Golden Mean, a Sermon of Temperance.

BY NEWTON M. MANN, MINISTER OF UNITY CHURCH, OMAHA, NEBRASKA.

Be not righteous overmuch; neither make thyself overwise; why shouldst thou destroy thyself? Be not overmuch wicked, neither be thou foolish; why shouldst thou die before thy time?—Eccl. vii:16, 17.

The author of Ecclesiastes has been much vaunted for his wisdom, a wisdom the keynote of which was a horror of all excesses. The quotation I have made recalls the laconic inscription on the temple at Delphi: "Nothing too much!" He does not shrink from an all around application of this principle, insisting on it with reference to what is best as well as to what is worst in life. His injunction, "Be not *overmuch* wicked," is rather startling, as it seems to imply a propriety in being wicked to a certain degree; and in the other verse, where he puts it plainly that it is best not to be too good, the language still more surprises us. But the dread of excess had so burnt itself into this man's heart that he purposely risks a strong utterance. All his thought is involved in the Greek "nothing too much," and in Confucius' celebrated "Doctrine of the Mean." Expounding this doctrine, the Chinese master said: "I know how it is that the Path of the Mean is not walked in; the knowing go beyond it, and the stupid do not come up to it. I know how it is that the Path of the Mean is not understood; the men of talents and virtue go beyond it, and the worthless do not come up to it." And we, following the Latin Horace, support Confucius by calling that point the Golden Mean, where the well-balanced man stops, removed from all extremes, whether of stolidity or fanaticism. The word by which we designate this secure and admirable position is Temperance, in the sense of moderation in all things.

People enthusiastic in one particular direction will generally insist that the rule of moderation does not apply to their cause; that cause is holy and one cannot go too far in a holy cause. The religious are apt to be appalled at the thought that there is any danger of being too religious. According to The Acts, Paul on Mars' hill began his speech to the Athenians: "Men of Athens, I perceive that in all things ye are too religious." But this true rendering shocked the translators and they made the passage read "too superstitious," though the literal rendering is admitted into the margin of the revised version. Moreover, there stands the precept in Ecclesiastes: "Be not righteous overmuch," undisguised by any gloss of translation, and what to do with it may well be a poser to those who find authority in every line of scripture. But their ingenuity is equal to the occasion, and, indeed, is bound to be, to whatever length of pious fraud it may have to run. Thus I have found one commentator who has the hardihood to say that the passage in question "is probably the utterance of a wicked person," quoted by the Bible writer to be confuted! Alas for "the word of God" when it comes to this, that it so resembles the utterance of a wicked person as to be distinguishable only by a *tour de force* of criticism! In justice to criticism I hasten to say that no respectable critic in these days would venture such an interpretation. Such wresting of scripture is referred to now only to be classed among the curiosities of literature. And it is perfectly gratuitous. The fact is that man has few, if any, tendencies more in need of control than those called religious; few if any manifestations of feeling, carried to excess, fall into such strange, absurd, reprehensible forms. The person religiously "off his base" we call a fanatic, and of all men not absolutely insane he is the most unmanned. You can no more reason with him than with a lunatic. He is under the delusion that he knows something in some field where sane people confess ignorance, and this gives him a ridiculous sense of superiority to them. In other centuries this knowing individual has generally felt it incumbent on him to put down opposition at all hazards and by any means. Hence the inquisition, hence tortures and burnings, hence the silencing of tongues that had a new word to say. The visions and dreams, the fancies and hopes of which religion is so largely made up, are elements indispensable to our happiness, things to be desired and enjoyed for what they are really worth. As hopes, as visions, as objects of faith, they fill a large place in our experience, and without them life, in some of its passages at least, would be scarcely tolerable; but taken up out of the region of conjecture, turned into statements of fact, made certainties to the mind, dominating the understanding, these religious fancies bring on a species of dementia characterized by a certain mistiness of the eye as well as a mistiness of thought.

Following the reasoning of my text, I might proceed to show how the religious fanatic destroys himself. I might instance the cases where persons possessed with the idea of converting the heathen have rushed off to distant lands, only to perish there; tell how, in times of oppression, hot-headed enthusiasts have recklessly run upon their own destruction, often seeming to court a martyrdom; how in our own time and within our own observation overplus of zeal for the church has led people to risk their lives in midwinter baptisms through holes cut in the ice of a river, in exposures night after night for weeks and months to the poisoned air of crowded and unventilated rooms, in frenzied excitements repeated with prodigal disregard of the fret of nerves and the waste of vitality involved. But this is almost as unnecessary as to show that the way of the wicked, pushed to the bitter end, works out by other means of similar self-destruction.

Under the head of evils of excess we might class almost all the evils there are, so sweeping is this tendency in human nature. In work or play, in giving or taking, in indulgence or self-denial, we are ever going too far. Most men cannot eat without eating too much, or drink without drinking too much. The whole round of sensuous desires seems to be overloaded, and more or less out of control. Even more than the wild animals man seems to be the slave of appetite. They mostly know when to stop, but he often goes the length of self-destruction. The sensualism of man would shock the brutes if they were able to reflect upon it. The temperate management of the desires and passions is something to which the mass of mankind scarcely make any pretense. The study is rather to inflame them by all manner of solicitation. Thus, to cite what is obvious and mentionable, we devote literally endless labor and skill and make large expenditure to the end that our tables shall be irresistible. The palate, which else might grow languid with surfeit, is subjected to ingenious excitation by all the means that elegant art can devise. No man who cares for his horse or his dog would suffer the beast to undergo such a systematic course of temptation. 'Twould spoil the animal; but ourselves, we can risk ourselves. In drinks, too, there is a similar effort to redouble their power over us by the most skillful preparation, by setting them to appeal to the eye as well as the taste, and by bringing in every possible accessory. The result is a deplorable immoderation in the use of both food and drink.

And we are hardly better off in respect of any other indulgence. The smoker generally smokes out of all reason. The pleasure-seeker knows no bounds but exhaustion. The sportsman is all sport, and we look

for little or nothing solid from him. A wise man who has watched the ways of the world hesitates to learn the game of billiards very well, or to drive a fast horse, fearing it may prove too attractive and absorb a disproportionate share of his attention. For my part, I have refrained from the use of tobacco thus far, not from any aversion to a reasonable use of the weed, but because I have observed that almost nobody does use it reasonably. All round on the side of the senses we are exposed to the peril of excess. Physical decline and death are the recognized results. Daily it is whispered of such and such a one that he is going down under dissipation, or is dead because he did not live considerately. We mark the squandering of youth and of physical vigor, without sufficiently noting the dormancy of mind, the waste of soul, involved. But this is what gives gravity to the situation. The principal use of the body is to give the mind a chance to work; but we do not give it the best chance; we are not half so bright as we should be if we were temperate in all respects. The ordinary man is almost always muddled to some extent. His brain is directly confused by a disorderly sustentation, or benumbed by some robbery of its rightful stimuli. The force that might shape itself in noble thought or kindly sentiment is drawn off in excessive toil, leaving the intellect and the heart largely inert; or it is wasted in viciousness, with the further loss that the conscience, too, is stifled. Thus excesses which are primarily of the body sap the life of the soul, deaden the sensibilities, enfeeble the mental grasp, by subordinating spiritual to physical cravings. Thus the worst result of over-stimulating the lower powers is to set the higher in eclipse, to stupefy the world, and so make it possible for old follies to live on in church and state, for arrant nonsense and absurdity to spring up and pass for gospel truth.

He that touches pitch is defiled therewith, so some of these excesses are hardly to be publicly handled. Others, notably drunkenness, and the abuse of narcotics, have forced themselves upon the attention of earnest, high-minded people, who have set on foot vigorous remedial movements. I remember a good many years ago a strong concerted effort was made to discourage gluttony. Many tables were reformed and stripped of their superfluous dainties; a decided sentiment was created adverse to the custom of daily feasting. Conscience was brought to bear on the subject and a substantial good was done. But even in this movement to suppress an excess, excess crept in, running in the opposite direction, and a sort of sect was formed which came at last to frown upon all eating as a weakness, if not a sin. First needless luxuries were discarded, then meats, then all made dishes, then white bread, until finally the extremists in this movement reached a point of abstemiousness which the monks, with John the Baptist at their head, could hardly parallel. It will now be generally admitted that the Grahamites, as they were called, were in this matter of eating righteous overmuch. They missed the golden mean; shunning Scylla, they ran upon Charybdis.

Where the evil to be met is a crying one the measures proposed to effect its removal will naturally be rigorous, and the very earnestness of the reformers makes them intolerant of any plan but their own. In dealing with such an enormous and overshadowing evil as drunkenness, one is apt to feel that to be a thorough-going reformer it needs to be a fanatic, to be as extreme in abstemiousness as the drinkers are in indulgence, and to disallow any discussion of the subject which does not proceed on certain assumptions. I believe there is no other question on which there is so little freedom of speech. With reference to this matter society is divided, as was ancient Gaul, into three parts: people who drink too much, people who do not drink at all, and people who care nothing for drink but take no pledges. These three classes have an absolute intolerance each of the other's ideas. Never is there a coming together for a calm discussion of the subject; each class confers with its own and becomes ever more set in its own way. A temperance advocate is most unwelcome among his opponents, and if he ventures there may get roughly handled; on the other hand, the advocate of anything short of total abstinence will receive scant courtesy from a temperance society. Freedom of speech can hardly be said to exist. There is nothing so dangerous for a minister to open his mouth upon, for his hearing is sure to be made up of all three classes, and if he says anything, if he has any opinions, he is likely to give mortal offense to somebody. And yet what sort of a pupil is that which will keep silent concerning the most conspicuous evil in the world?

I beg you to observe that this is a sermon on the Golden Mean, and that is becomes necessary for me to point out how even good, pushed beyond bounds, becomes evil. One does not approve the devil by insisting that he shall have his due.

It has always seemed to me that in this movement against intemperance people go too far; undertaking the impossible, they fail of the success which might otherwise be attained. Aside from any question as to the desirability of all that they demand, do they not miss something that is practicable in grasping after the impracticable? It is possible, no doubt, to live on bread and water alone, though scripture and common-sense and the stomach itself protest; but from time immemorial men have had other food than bread and other drink than water. Some of the drinks they have used are villainous—ought never to be touched; others, it may be claimed, are harmless, even helpful, serving to "make glad the heart of man." It is too late to quote anybody's example in such a matter as conclusive, but it is worth noting in this connection that Jesus took wine at his meals when it was to be had—a survival of his custom remaining in the most solemn ceremonial of the church to this day. People who stickle for the authority of scripture ought not to overlook Paul's advice to the youthful Timothy (they all think that Paul wrote the letters to Timothy), to use a little wine in perference to water. That advice was given, too, before the pesky microbes were discovered which spoil the water. In the south of Europe that advice has always been adhered to, and has the justification of experience. In wine-drinking countries drunkenness is comparatively infrequent. As much or more is to be said for beer. The Germans are not a nation of sots, though they would as soon think of going without their bread as without their beer.

There are extremists who say we must set ourselves tooth and nail against the use of all such beverages; that, if we would bring about any reform, we must hoist the black flag and declare war without quarter on all liquids which yield to analysis the slightest trace of alcohol. Wine, which poets have chanted in hymns along with corn, as among the fairest of the gifts of God, which Jesus thought fit to symbolize his blood, has become in their circles a hated thing to be mentioned with loathing and contempt. Indeed, this radical view has been pushed so vigorously and has become with so many the orthodox social view that in a mixed company a timid person who cares for his reputation will scarcely touch any other drink than water. The very word "drink" has taken a bad sense. We grow nervously suspicious of lemonade (if it is colored), and sit with some scruples over our tea and coffee.

Here is where we mark what I will venture to call the intemperance of the temperance people. Like the quondam advocates of low diet, they do not know

where to stop. In their earnest antagonism of a great evil they overleap the golden mean. They wax intolerant of all who do not come up to their mark; temperate views on the temperance question are abhorrent to them. When the commissary-general advises a ration of beer in the army they pounce upon him as though he were a criminal. The preacher who dares to suggest a doubt of the soundness of their extreme notions will pay dearly for such an unwarrantable exercise of free-speech. He will be called a wine-bibber, an ally of the rum power, a friend of publicans and sinners. Anathemas will be hurled at him, and he will soon learn what it costs to take fanaticism by the horns.

Temperance, in the obvious sense of the word, is moderation, calmness, self-possession, freedom from all extremities. But I hear no such intemperate speech, I find no such violent spirit, no such bitterness and intolerance in any respectable class as goes under the name of temperance. The magnitude of the evil combatted, I admit, is some reason for this, though hardly an excuse. It is very trying to see this assumption of infallibility when you feel in your bones that is covers grave defects of principle and of practice. When licentiousness is cured by celibacy, when gluttony is removed from the earth by a low-diet reform, we may fairly expect that intemperance will be abolished by total abstinence and a stern repudiation of everything short of that.

In the eleventh book of Paradise Lost, Michael, the archangel, holds a colloquy with Adam on the prospects of the human world, which he represents as not at all bright. Adam had seen Abel die; the angel tells him of the terrible ways in which death will come to others:

> "Some, as thou saw'st, by violent stroke shall die,
> By fire, flood, famine; by intemperance more
> In meats and drinks, which on the earth shall bring
> Diseases dire."

By a stroke of magic a horrible array of these diseases appear before the affrighted eyes of Adam, who begs to know if there is not some way men may escape such things. The angel tells him there is, after much parleying, and states it thus:

> "If thou well observe
> The rule of not too much, by temperance taught,
> In what thou eat'st and drink'st, seeking from thence
> Due nourishment, not gluttonous delight,
> Till many years over thy head return,
> So may'st thou live till like ripe fruit thou drop
> Into thy mother's lap, or be with ease
> Gathered, not harshly plucked, for death mature."

I have always suspected that the ill success of society in rescuing members of what are called the abandoned classes is partly attributable to the fact that the persons directly engaged in the business have been righteous overmuch. They have gone to the vicious with bibles and prayer books, expecting to bring them at once all the way from shame to piety. By this method of approach they have accentuated the distance between them and the lost ones they have sought to save, which is just the very thing to be avoided. It is said of the one who succeeded best in seeking and saving the lost that "he made himself of no reputation," and so was able to reach even to the uttermost. Just how is it that people get the repellant sense that a person is righteous overmuch? Not by any kindly act, certainly; not by his refusing to do any mean thing, but by certain airs he puts on, by an ostentatious display of the fact that he is a Christian, by a manifest assumption of holiness. The Pharisee praying at the corner of the street to advertise his piety was one of this sort. The needy and penitent sinner could not get near him. He was too high up. But when Jesus approached, sounding no trumpet before him, putting on no show of being better than other folks, but acting like a large-hearted, well-intentioned, deep-thoughted man, the meanest person had confidences for him and sought help from him.

Then there is such a thing as morbid conscientiousness, an exaggerated scrupulosity which will torture its possessor with a sense of sin at every turn. Whatever he does there will be some point on which to hang a self-accusation; and so the fairest life is sometimes made to wear heavily away. This morbidly sensitive conscience may be the fruit of a false education, as in the case of the Hindu devotee, who lives in utter squalor, regardless of his own comfort, but in perpetual apprehension that he may take the life of some creature, some worm beneath his feet, some insect on his body; or, as happens with many heathen, and Christians, too, one may have been taught to lay great stress on the punctilious performance of a prescribed round of ceremonies, or the bearing of certain penances, which in many rituals becomes an intolerable burden. It is doubtless excessive scrupulousness of this sort in particular that my text intends to disparage. Much that passes for righteousness is indeed "filthy rags," of which the more a man has the worse he is off.

So, much that was thought to be *wisdom* in the olden time was a beating about for occult revelations, an ability to read astrological signs, shake up and decipher the cabalistic figures—exercises which must have been a weariness both to the flesh and the spirit. The pursuit of knowledge of this sort with exuberant zeal may well have been considered, as some have held of the modern metaphysics, of doubtful advantage. While it was well enough to know something of these things, it is not worth while to become infatuated with them.

Be sure you are right, but do not be too sure. That is, be sure enough to govern your own action by your principles, but not sure enough to constrain other people to be governed by them. Circumstances, providences, intuitions, revelations, or whatever you choose to call your sources of light, have opened to you a certain view of life and duty; you regulate your conduct by that view, stand by it, as you ought, with all the force of your moral nature. But you are not to lose sight of the fact that around you are some millions of virtuous people, equally intent with yourself on doing what is right and helping on the world. Other circumstances, providences, revelations, have opened to them views of duty somewhat different from yours; they cannot join hands with you in all things. Under these circumstances it becomes you, whether you have few or many behind you, to moderate somewhat your pretensions, to admit that the whole truth is certainly not disclosed to you, that other eyes have seen what you have not seen. The good and acceptable and perfect will of God is not simply that which comes to you and to me, but that which works itself out through the aggregate of human souls in the course of the ages. We must learn to be patient and let others work while we work, with some deep and vague conviction that, however they may seem to be working against us, if they are sincere and earnest they are somehow helping, under the Great Captain, to accomplish with us, indirectly it may be, and with many marchings and countermarchings, one and the same divine intent.

Let us not think things are going to wreck because they are not going precisely as we would have them go. That pessimistic notion betrays a lack of confidence in the commander, and, as far as it has any potency, invites defeat. The world is not going to wreck; it is going forward, slowly but surely, toward a realization of the heavenly vision. It corrects itself. Extreme balances extreme, and the ultimate result of all our various striving, our fitful rushing to and fro, is the Golden Mean, which is better than what we are counting best.

Curiosities of Literature.

The following is a verbatim account of an expensive occasion in a large western city, as reported in a great daily paper. Names have been omitted.

It would seem that even "Pale Death" would finally learn to respect a bank account.

LARGEST PRIVATE FUNERAL EVER WITNESSED—A VAST NUMBER OF MAGNIFICENT AND COSTLY FLORAL OFFERINGS.

Never before did this city witness such a large and impressive private funeral as was that of ——, yesterday. Not only were there many relatives and personal friends, but also hundreds of prominent citizens, business and professional men and state and city officials who had only a slight acquaintance with the deceased.

As early as noon people began arriving at the palatial family residence, either to attend the obsequies or to view the remains. The casket containing the latter rested on a magnificent catafalque in the large family drawing room. On all sides of the spacious apartment, in every nook and corner, were beautiful floral offerings, nearly all of them large and of every conceivable design, giving evidence that the artistic skill and taste of the florists had been taxed to the utmost. The tributes were so numerous that every bit of available space in the sitting rooms, parlors and the hall and side passageways were filled with them, making ingress and egress difficult. The perfume of the fragrant flowers fairly ladened the atmosphere, almost overpowering one.

Carriage after carriage drove up to the entrance, where the occupants disembarked, and the vehicles were driven out to the space allotted them along both sides of the street. Thousands of people from the neighborhood and from other parts of the city, who were not in attendance at the funeral, asesmbled outside the gates to view the cortege. There was no hitch or accident, and every arrangement was carried out almost on time.

Shortly after two o'clock, when the parents, relatives and family friends had assembled in the drawing-room, the services began. A quartet rendered "Holy Savior."

The service closed with singing by the quartet. After the mourning relatives and some of the friends present had looked their last upon the calm visage of the beloved departed, the lid of the casket was fastened and the pallbearers bore it to the hearse, waiting at the portal of the mansion.

While the funeral attendants were entering the carriages a dozen servants were placing in two large moving vans and two smaller wagons the floral pieces intended to be placed on the grave.

At the cemetery a quartet sang. As the casket was being lowered in the grave a French horn quartet rendered "These Are the Limbs of the Trees." When the earth covered the last resting place, dozens and dozens of the magnificent floral pieces were placed on the grave, the male quartet during that time singing "Left Alone." At the conclusion of the singing the mourners returned to their carriages and departed for their homes.

Among the vast number of floral offerings the most notable for design, beauty and size were the following: A huge vase of barley decorated with roses; handsome eight-foot column, made of Easter lilies, lilies of the valley and violets; a large bunch of fifteen dozen Easter lilies tied with a ten-inch lavender ribbon; an immense chariot, drawn by six white doves; an immense bunch of red carnations (carnations were the favorite flower of deceased); bunch of Marguerites, tied with gold ribbon, and fully 80 other fine pieces.

"Probably at no funeral in the United States were more flowers seen than at that one," said one of the leading florists yesterday. "The local greenhouses could not begin to supply the demand, and we had to telegraph all over the country, within a radius of 500 miles, to get flowers to fill the order. Four of my men and eight girls worked all night Saturday and until noon Sunday filling our orders. We had about twenty-five orders, and these amounted to no less than $1,000. In all, I should say, the flowers placed about the grave cost at least $5,000. In several wreaths and star and crescent designs we made were 4,000 carnations. That broken shaft, arising from a base of 4,000 carnations, was the largest ever made. It was eight feet tall. The chariot of green, with white wheels, drawn by four white doves and driven by a fifth, was, I think, the handsomest design ever gotten up by a local florist.

"The amount of work done by the florists in getting up these designs was simply enormous. In my shop we used 50,000 white, pink and red carnations. Every one of these blossoms was wired to a little wooden stick before it could be used. Certainly, in the West, so many flowers were never before seen at a funeral."

Notwithstanding which we believe, though lacking further information, that the deceased is still dead.

The Study Table.

Tales of the Enchanted Islands of the Atlantic.

****Col. Higginson has done well in adding to the intrinsic charm of these old tales and legends that of his always fascinating style. He contends that no national beginnings are less prosaic than ours, "because every visitor had to cross the sea to reach the new world, and the sea has always been, by the mystery of its horizon, the fury of its storms and the variableness of the atmosphere above it, the fore-ordained land of romance." How long the legend clung to the skirts of the knowledge is shown by the fact that it was proposed to make the island of Jacquet a half-way station for the ocean telegraph, the said island being purely imaginary. Westward the star of Col. Higginson's empire over this realm of fancy takes its way. He begins with the tales that cling to the shores of Europe, goes on to those that have mid-ocean for their haunt, and concludes with those that are half legendary, half historical, on our own side of the water. After the "Story of Atlantic" we have a beautiful Irish series, then several from the Arthurian cycle; further on "The Voyage of St. Brandan," "Herold the Viking," and so on. In his notes on St. Brandan he gives the whole of Matthew Arnold's splendid poem on that theme. If any adverse criticism is suggested by this charming book it is that the critic sometimes intrudes on the enchanted ground of pure romance. We would have had every word of criticism remanded to the introduction or the notes, and the stories told as if they were the truth, the truth only, and nothing but the truth.

J. W. C.

E. P. Powell's Book Table.

Charles Scribner's Sons send us Thomas Nelson Page's book, entitled "Red Rock." This carries Mr. Page over from the list of short story writers into the class of novelists proper. And there is a palpable effort on the part of Mr. Page to do something which does not come according to the instinct of his pen. Yet it is a capital novel and will give anyone not only rich pleasure in reading, but a good deal of refreshment in history. It deals with the reconstructon era just after the close of the Civil War. It is not too late for thousands of readers to get from Mr Page a widening sentiment concerning the issues involved in the war.

A most timely book, also from Charles Scribner's Sons, is "Yesterdays in the Philippines," by Joseph Earl Stevens. Mr. Stevens was for some time a resident in the Philippine Islands, and what he has to say about that country is not the observation of a casual newspaper tramp, following with the army and never going ten miles inland. Mr. Stevens writes in an offhand manner, somewhat as a clerk is likely to talk. But the book, lacking somewhat in literary character, more than makes it up in the frank statement of facts and the superb list of illustrations. The author might as well have left his readers to conclude for themselves whether the Philippines are a desirable acquisition to our republic. The real problem is in what way, most readily, to spread among the natives of these islands the ideas concerning production and distribution with which we ourselves are familiar.

**** Tales of the Enchanted Islands of the Atlantic. By Thomas Wentworth Higginson, New York. The Macmillan Co., 1898.

Two school books of unusual merit lie upon my table. One of these is a commercial geography. I should be glad to see geography in our schools made a much more advanced study, and the effort to teach small children a vast amount of facts about remote parts of the globe dispensed with. Instead of such a primary series of lessons I would substitute careful training in the knowledge of those facts which lie under the pupil's feet and display themselves about his head. The geography which we do need for general use is one that can be kept as a book of reference, in our schools and in our families. Mr. Tilden's book is well conceived; but it is not brought down to the times. Unfortunately for such a book, times move very fast, and a new edition is needed nearly every year. In this volume we read of Cuba, Porto Rico and the Philippine Islands under the head of "The Kingdom of Spain." Information on such colonies is not full enough for present demands. The second book is also a geography, and I think the handsomest that has yet met my observation, and certainly as good a one as the market affords. I refer to Butler's Complete Geography, published at present by Sheldon & Co. of New York. The illustrations in this book are perfect, and the relief maps are photogravures made especially for this work, by a member of the United States Geological Survey. Most of the illustrations are photographs made or collected especially for this work. This has called out the skill of some of the best of our American artists. There is a prefatory chapter on "Physical Geography," that I consider of very special value. Mr. Tilden's book is published by Leach, Sewell & Sanborn of Boston and New York and Chicago.

When we know that Prof. Nathaniel S. Shaler of Harvard University is to write a book we immediately feel the need of it. D. Appleton & Co. have just published for Mr. Shaler "Outlines of the Earth's History." We shall never forget when we first picked up his "First Book in Geology" and discovered, at last, one American book for primary students that was an ideal. The present volume is equally clear and compact and thorough. Prof. Shaler has a gift equaled by no other American author, for reaching young minds, with high subjects, and in such a manner that they can joyfully accompany him. The object of this volume is to provide the beginner in the study of the earth's history with a general account of those actions which can be readily understood, and which will afford him a clear understanding of the processes by which this and other spheres have been evolved.

From Silver, Burdett & Co. I am in receipt of "First Steps In the History of Our Country," by Prof. Wm. A. Mowry and Arthur May Mowry. This is an extarordinarily good school book. The style is peculiarly bright and readable. The selection of exponential characters is judicious, although in some cases the latest research in history must discard some portion of their merit. John Smith, for instance, notwithstanding what John Fiske says of him, was a great historical humbug, who will lose his place in early American history. The whole story of Alexander Hamilton, also, is slowly coming out and will have to be acknowledged as giving him a lower place in our history. But on the whole the work is the most admirably concentrated presentation of American history ever placed before the young. If now you can get behind such a model book a model teacher, who can make the pupils feel and see, you will have American history taught in our common schools after an ideal manner. But do the worst, no teacher can spoil this book for school use.

B. O. Flower sends us the *Coming Age*, a new magazine with many most admirable features. The first number is divided into conversations by eminent thinkers, original essays by leading writers, a discussion of current topics, a division on psychical science, a biographical section, symposiums of important political and literary topics, beside fiction, book reviews and editorials. If this magazine holds to the level upon which it starts it will live and thrive. Mr. Flower is one of the rare men of literary tact and taste, who has hardly a peer in America. His success in building up the *Arena* was one of the wonders in periodical literature. Complications of a financial sort have shifted him to this new arena. He has associated with him as co-editor Mrs. C. K. Reifsneider, a better partnership could hardly be asked for. The *Coming Age* is to be broad, without becoming the organ of errant reformers, who cannot see beyond their own specifics. Among the contributors of the first number are Mayor Quincy of Boston, Rev. Dr. Lorimer, Hezekiah Butterworth, Prof. Frank Parsons and Henry Wood, our genial friend the novelist.

I happen to pick up an old number of the *Christian Register*, from which I take this capital bit of prophecy: We are at the beginning of a movement in religion more extensive than any recorded in history. Compared with it the Protestant Reformation is a small episode. This movement is wider than any one religion and deeper than any one can measure. Five hundred years from now it will be seen that just before the beginning of the twentieth century the creeds of all nations and churches began to break up, and that throughout the world there was a rush of fresh religious feeling, which carried these fragments of creeds away. It is something like the breaking up of ice in a stream. Religion is not in danger. We are preparing for a new and better revelation of its meaning, power and effect upon life. With religion, in its true sense, goes a deepening of all ethical sentiment. On a large scale the nations are learning that character is essential to statesmanship.

The *American Historical Review* is doing work of the very highest order. Its book reviews do not thrust themselves at us with a one-sided and yet ex-cathedra judgment. The first three articles I place among the very best that have been recently produced in the way of historical research. These articles are "The French Reformation and the French People in the Sixteenth Century," by Henri Hauser; "The Causes of Cromwell's West Indian Expedition," a capital piece of work by Frank Strong, and the "Administrative History of the British Dependencies in the Further East," by Prof. H. Morse Stephens of Cornell University. This last article is one of unusual importance, throwing light upon the problem which the Americans are compelled to solve, concerning their own East Indian dependencies. One more article I can most highly commend is that by George A. Gilbert, on the "Connecticut Loyalists."

The *Scientific American* always has an eye out for practical affairs. In the last number there is an article on "Oil as a Road Material." The purport of this article is to show that crude oil is of great value as a road material, applied to the roadbed while dry. The object is to prevent mud and ruts and dust. It is an article that ought to be read by every pathmaster in the United States.

The *New World* gives us, in its last number, the brilliant address of David Starr Jordan, read before the Congress of Liberal Religion. I do not believe that Mr. Jordan is correct in his views of territorial expansion, but I know that he is a brilliant writer, as he is an able speaker. All the articles are of considerable worth, but not quite equal to the usual weight of this quarterly. The book reviews are almost invariably well worth reading.

The Home.

Our daily life should be sanctified by doing common things in a religious way.

Helps to High Living.

SUN.—I would not sink where evil spirits are.
There's perfect goodness somewhere; so I strive.
MON.—She made a link,
'Twixt faulty folk and God, by loving both.
TUES.—Our finest hope is finest memory.
WED.—I accept the peril.
I choose to walk high with sublimer tread
Rather than crawl in safety.
THURS.—I was blind
With too much happiness; true vision comes
Only, it seems, with sorrow.
FRI.—True greatness ever wills—
It lives in wholeness if it lives at all;
And all its strength is knit with constancy.
SAT.—Even our failures are a prophecy,
Even our yearnings and our bitter tears
After that fair and true we cannot grasp.

From Poems by George Eliot.

The Snow Birds.

When winter winds are blowing,
And clouds are full of snow,
There comes a flock of little birds
A-flying to and fro;
About the withered garden,
Around the naked field,
In any way-side shrub or tree
That may a berry yield,
You'll see them flitting, flitting,
And hear their merry song;
The scattered crumbs of summer's feast
Feed winter birdlings long.

But when the snow-drifts cover
The garden and the field,—
When all the shrubs are cased in ice,
And every brook is sealed,
Then come the little snow-birds,
As beggars to your door;
They pick up every tiny crumb,
With eager chirps for more.
Like wandering musicians,
They 'neath the windows sing;
All winter long they stroll about,
And leave us in the spring.

Off to the land of icebergs,
To islands cold and drear,
They fly before the summer comes
To frolic with us here.
Give them a hearty welcome!
It surely were not good
That they who sing in wintertime
Should ever lack for food.

Exchange.

Dicken's Deaf Kitten.

A STORY OF THE GREAT NOVELIST AND HIS DEVOTION TO CATS.

At the cat show we ran across an Englishman who chanced to know many unrecorded tales of Dickens, and during a lull in the "meows" he casually inquired, "Did you know, by the way, that Charles Dickens was devoted to cats? He was indeed a lover of all animals, and frequently became the slave of his pets. Williamina, a little white cat, was a great favorite with the entire household, but regarded the great author as her especial friend. She selected a corner of his study for her individual property and one day committed the indiscretion of bringing in her little family of kittens from the kitchen, one by one. Dickens had them taken away, but Williamina brought them quietly back. Again they were quietly removed, but the third time of their return the little mother did not leave them in the corner. Instead she placed them at her master's feet, and taking her stand beside them, looked imploringly up at him. That settled the question.

"Thereafter the kittens belonged to the study, and made themselves royally at home, swarming up the curtains, playing about the writing table and scampering behind the bookshelves, until they were one by one given away; all but a poor little deaf one, which, from her devotion to Dickens, became known as 'the master's cat.' This little creature followed him about like a dog, and sat beside him while he wrote. One evening Dickens was reading by a small table upon which stood a lighted candle. As usual, the cat was at his elbow. Suddenly the light went out. Dickens was deeply interested in his book, and he proceeded to relight the candle, stroking the cat while he did so. Afterward he remembered that puss had looked at him somewhat reproachfully while she received the caress. It was only when the light again became dim that the reason of her melancholy suddenly dawned upon him. Turning quickly, he found her deliberately putting out the candle with her paw, and again she looked at him appealingly. She was lonesome; she wanted to be petted, and this was her device for gaining her end."—*Atlanta Constitution.*

Two Seals.

Nellie, the seal at the aquarium in New York, had been living alone in her tank for some time. Last week a baby seal was put into the tank with her. At first the grown-up seal was delighted with her new companion, but when she found that the visitors gave more attention to the baby seal than to her she grew indignant and pushed the baby seal back into the water each time it came to the surface when visitors stood about the tank.—*Exchange.*

What He Was Paid For.

The *Washington Post* tells of a bright boy, one of the pages in the Senate at Washington, who was at one of the Senate entrances when a lady approached with a visiting card in her hand:

"Will you hand this to Senator Blank?" she said.

"I cannot," replied the boy; "all cards must be taken to the east lobby."

The woman was inclined to be angry and went away muttering. Then a thought struck her, and taking out her pocketbook, she found a twenty-five cent piece. With it in her hand she went back to the boy.

"Here, my lad," she said, in a coaxing tone, "here is a quarter to take my card in."

"Madam," said the boy, without a moment's hesitation, "I am paid a larger salary than that to keep cards out."

To a Little Child.

A winsome little baby form,
A tiny man, just three years old,
Whose very smile is dearer far,
I know than mines of richest gold.

O little man, with face so fair,
And eyes so brown and true,
I wonder what this busy world,
Can hold in store for you.

Those chubby hands that mamma loves,
Those blessed little feet—
That run with eager, hurrying steps
Your papa dear to meet.

Oh, may you ever be, as now,
A blessing and a joy—
And this world of ours be better,
For you coming, little boy.

Nellie B. Kennicott, in Home Finder.

UNITY

PUBLISHED WEEKLY FOR

THE UNITY PUBLISHING COMPANY,

.....BY.....

ALFRED C. CLARK & CO.,

185 DEARBORN STREET,
CHICAGO.

$2.00 per annum. In Clubs of ten or more, $1.00 per annum.

EDITORS.

JENKIN LLOYD JONES,
WILLIAM KENT.

ASSISTANT EDITORS.

EDITH LACKERSTEEN. ELLEN T. LEONARD.
FREDERICK W. BURLINGHAM.

ASSOCIATE EDITORS.

Hiram W. Thomas. Jane Addams, John W. Chadwick,
Caroline Bartlett Crane. Emil G. Hirsch, E. P Powell,
Oscar L. Triggs. R. A. White, Joseph Stolz,
E. Hanford Henderson. Frederick Starr, E. Burrett Smith.

The Field.

"The World is my Country; to do good is my Religion."

University of Chicago.—One of the most interesting experiments undertaken by this institution, whose whole history is a history of adventure, was the establishment of a downtown college, primarily for the benefit of school teachers. Courses were arranged at such time as to accommodate teachers engaged in the active work of the school. All graduates of high schools, or an equivalent course, were admitted without examination and the fees lowered to the minimum. The enrollment thus far has more than doubled the most sanguine expectations. Two hundred and eighty-six are already matriculated. Some of the leading principals in the city schools have taken up the work. A grandmother and her daughter are among the students. One hundred and fifty different schools are represented. A recent report shows that ninety-one are studying natural science, eighty-two pedagogy and educational psychology, seventy-two English literature, thirty-seven English history, twenty-eight social and political science, twenty-seven the classics, and twenty-two the modern languages. These figures do not include the teachers who are attending university extension classes, of which there are twenty-eight at the college, about sixty classes meeting in different parts of the city. Altogether there is an enrollment of about eight hundred. The ultimate effect of this work upon the public schools of Chicago must be great.

National Educational Association.—The teachers of America are already laying plans for their midsummer meeting, which is to be held at Los Angeles, Cal. Great reduction in rates has already been secured, and the management is active in preparing the itineraries, that will reach from Mexico to Portland, and the school teachers are beginning to save their pennies for a great excursion. The officers say, "Begin to make your arrangements now to make this trip."

Cleveland, Ohio.—Unity Church goes steadily on under the joint pastorate of Miss Murdock and Miss Buck. Their monthly calendar shows many activities. The Sunday-school children are being led through a course of study on the foundation truths of religion, a course landing, as the subject does, in lessons on the church universal and religion as distinguished from religions.

Ethical Culture.—The recent convention held by the representatives of the Ethical Societies in Milwaukee was the occasion of bringing Dr. Adler and Messrs. Weston, Eliot and Percival Chubb west, and their voices have been heard with profit in Chicago and St. Louis, as well as in Milwaukee.

Personal.—Our readers will join with us in extending congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. Oscar L. Triggs, who were quietly married by the senior editor of this paper at his home on the 6th inst. The bright Miss Laura Starette McAdoo of Knoxville, Tenn., as well as Mr. Triggs, are known to our readers through their contributions to this paper, and they are not to be strangers to Unity fellowship in the future.

Western Unitarian Sunday-school Society.—The directors' meeting, held on January 5th, was attended by Rev. A. W. Gould, Rev. J. R. Effinger, Mrs. M. H .Perkins, Mrs. F. C. Southworth, Miss Hintermeister, Mr. Kendall and Mr. Scheible. The treasurer reported a donation of one dollar from the Baraboo Sunday-school, and another of five dollars from Mrs. H. B. Hoyt of Kalamazoo. The committee on illustrated lesson-cards presented an informal report, showing the progress already made by them toward the series of twelve cards to parallel Mr. Garnett's "In the Home." After some general comment on this subject, the board adjourned until February.

ALBERT S.

Grand Rapids, Mich.—All Souls Church announces the following sermon topics for the Sundays in January and February 5 by the pastor, Rev. Leslie W. Sprague:

January 8, "Why Any Religion?"
January 15, "Why a Liberal Christian Religion?"
January 22, "The Moral Emphasis of Liberal Christianity."
January 29, "The Spiritual Life Developed by Liberal Christianity."
February 5, "The Heritage of Liberal Christianity."

The purpose of this series of sermons will be to make clear the position and the aim of All Souls' Church, in common with liberal christianity generally.

Cedar Rapids, Iowa.—Mrs. Mary Pingrey of Wayne, Neb., in lifting a debt of two thousand dollars that has hung like a pall over the little Universalist church of Cedar Rapids, has not only given evidence of the joy that a cheerful faith has been to her, but she has set an example to many others who are not millionaires and are approaching the end of life with only a little "left over." Let them go and do likewise. Mrs. Pingrey, many years ago, traveled sixty miles across the prairies of Iowa in order that she might affiliate herself religiously with those like minded to herself. Her life has permitted her to enjoy this fellowship in person but little of the time since, but now, in the declining years, when other duties were done, and out of the comforts of a small margin, she unties the hands of the good minister, Mr. Palmer, and gives the society the joy of their opportunity. Our American fashion of lauding the giver of big sums by the very wealthy, who will never miss what they give, is in danger of obscuring and perhaps discouraging the real givers who, out of their necessities or small earnings, make the truly great contributions. We congratulate Mr. Palmer and his aggressive and cheerful workers. Some day they will welcome us again to another congress of religion, as they did last year.

Chicago, All Souls' Church.—A large and delighted audience listened to Professor Abbott, chief engineer of the Chicago Telephone Company, last Sunday night, as with abundant apparatus he illustrated, not only the wireless telegraphy, but unfolded the fascinating facts of vibrations, by which these marvels are made possible. With his instruments he rang the disconnected bell in the farther part of the room and set the same a-going when enclosed in a wooden box, but when enclosed in an iron box, the bell remained silent. It was a religious occasion, and our churches can make no better use of the Sunday night than in acquainting their constituency with the unquestioned achievements and demonstrated realities of science, when such is possible.

For All Expert Dental Work, Go to

DR. J. E. LOW,

INVENTOR OF CROWN AND BRIDGE WORK.

The best is always the cheapest n the end. Good work by well known dentist, at reasonable prices, is more satisfactory, more durable, and cheaper than any other. Established 1865.

DR. J. E. LOW,

164 Dearborn Street,

First Nat. Bank Building,

CHICAGO.

Humanly speaking, civilizations, dynasties, governments have gone down into the sea of oblivion. The only wreckage that has come to shore is the battered names of the great captains.—*Jenkin Lloyd Jones.*

True Stories of Renowned Men and Women

FOR THE

YOUNG PEOPLE OF AMERICA,

By EVELYN H. WALKER.

Most Handsomely Illustrated with Colored Lithographs and Over One Hundred Original Half-Tone Drawings.

PUBLISHERS' INTRODUCTION.

Says Emerson in his essay on "The Uses of Great Men," "It is natural to believe in Great Men. If the companions of our childhood should turn out to be heroes, and their condition royal, it would not surprise us. The search after the great man is the dream of youth and the most serious occupation of manhood." This explains the fascination of biographical reading. For the majority of people, young and old, there is no book more fascinating than a well-written biography of a worthy man or woman. Few books have lived longer or made a more lasting impression than "Plutarch's Lives." And, since all history is made by its heroes it follows that to know biography is to become acquainted with history. There is no better way of becoming acquainted with American history than by reading the lives of a few great Americans. The Life of Washington, as told in this volume, touches upon the most important points in the war of the Revolution, while the lives of Lincoln, Grant and Lee recount the deeds and reflect the spirit of the Civil War. In the same way the lives of Queen Victoria and Mr. Gladstone, as told in this book, present a clear account of the last sixty years of English History.

Yet, notwithstanding the interest and importance of this line of reading, a really good biography, brief enough for the use of young people with limited time for reading, simple and direct, is difficult to find. We believe that in this volume of twenty-three sketches written by one who has been for some years a teacher in the public schools of Chicago, we are offering a work of real merit, which is not less accurate and reliable because written in an easy, familiar style, with an undertone of courage, good cheer and mirthfulness which ought to make it attractive to the youngest readers. We trust they will not be willing to lay the book down with one reading, but will be moved to return to it again and again until they have made its contents their own and its heroes and heroines their life-long friends.

CONTENTS.

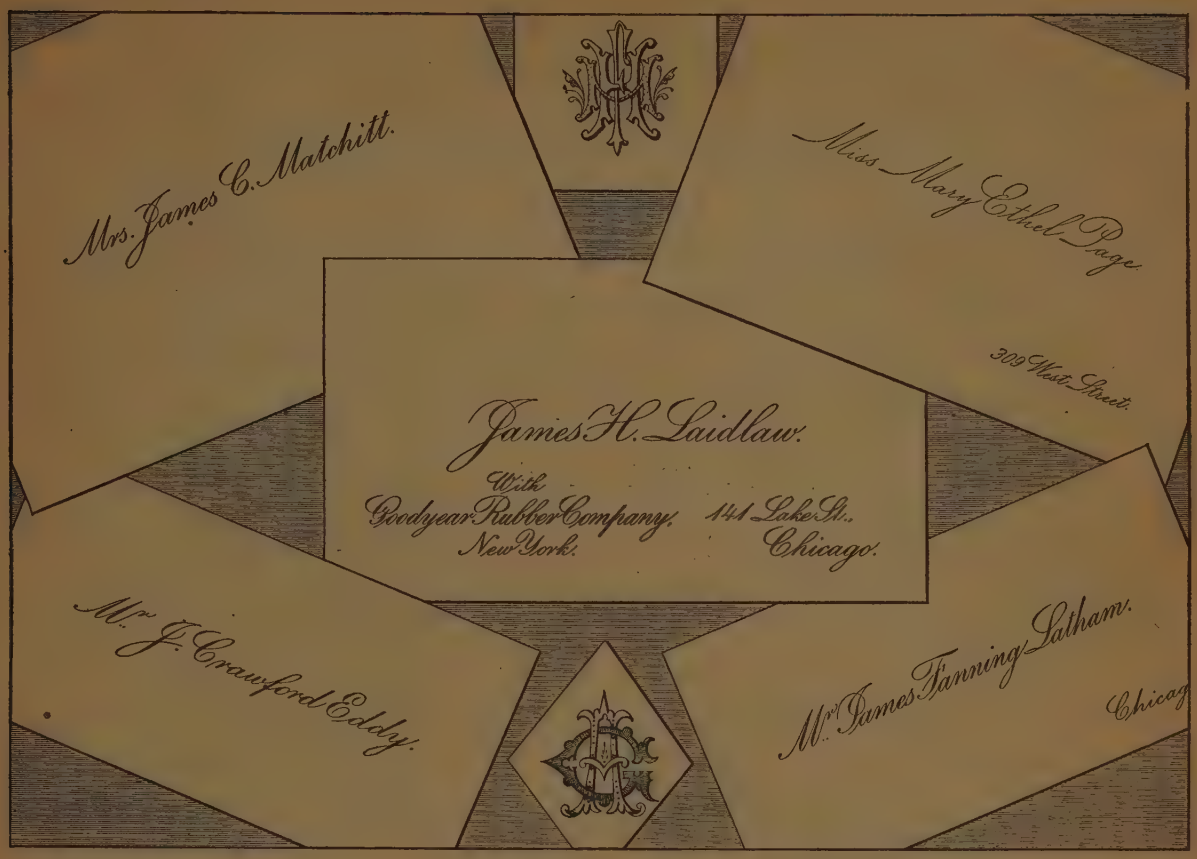
George Washington, the Father of his Country; Ulysses S. Grant, the Man of Silence; Abraham Lincoln, the Rail-Splitter of Illinois; Victoria, Queen of England; Henry W. Longfellow, the Poet of the Common People; Henry M. Stanley, the African Explorer; Rosa Bonheur, the Painter of Animals; Patrick Henry, the Demosthenes of America; Benjamin Franklin, Statesman, Scientist, Philosopher; Elizabeth Barrett Browning, England's Greatest Woman Poet; Joan of Arc, the Deliverer of France; Thomas Alva Edison, the Wizard of Menlo Park; William Ewart Gladstone, the Grand Old Man of England; Fridtjof Nansen, Explorer of the Farthest North; Clara Barton, the Angel of the Battlefield; Dwight L. Moody, the Evangelist; John Wanamaker, the Successful Man of Business; Robert E. Lee, the Hero of the South; Susan B. Anthony, a Champion of Woman; Frances Willard, the Apostle of Temperance; Galileo, the Student of Nature; Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart, the Great Musician; Florence Nightingale, the Sacrificing Sister.

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

Tomb of Washington. George Washington and the Hatchet. Washington's Farewell to His Mother. Washington and His Men Hunting Indian Tracks. Martha Washington. House where First Congress Met. The Tree under which Washington took Command of the Army. Washington and His Men at Valley Forge. Surrender of Burgoyne. Washington at Valley Forge, Reading a Letter. Mount Vernon. George Washington, Portrait. Grant's Birthplace. Grant Plowing. Grant Breaking a Horse. West Point. General Scott. Artillery Going to the Front. The Advance of Vicksburg. General William T. Sherman. Battle of the Wilderness. Battle of Shiloh. Soldiers Marching to the Front. Capitol at Washington. U. S. Grant, Portrait. Abraham Lincoln Going to School. Lincoln's Babyhood. Moving to Indiana. The Proud Possessor of a Log Cabin. Too Poor to Afford a Tallow Candle. Lincoln, the Mother of Invention. Lincoln as an Orator. Lincoln's Big Heart. Lincoln as a Book Agent. The Causes of the War. Slaves on a Plantation. Abraham Lincoln, Portrait. John Wilkes Booth. The Soldier's Good-bye. Victoria's Baptism. Queen Victoria, Portrait. Childhood of Victoria. Hampton Court Gardens, England. Windsor Castle. Buckingham Castle. Coronation Chair. Prince Albert's Tomb. Parliament Building, London. Henry W. Longfellow's Home. Henry W. Longfellow, Portrait. Henry M. Stanley, Portrait. Young Stanley's Daring Feat. Almshouse Boys at Dinner. Stanley being Robbed. Stanley Finding Livingstone. Preparing for a Feast. Rosa Bonheur's Favorite Store. Rosa Bonheur at Nineteen. Plowing. The Overthrow. The Horse Fair. Patrick Henry, portrait. Benjamin Franklin and His Electrical Experiment. Benjamin Franklin, when a Boy. Mrs. Browning, portrait. The Childhood of Joan of Arc. Fresco—Joan of Arc. Edison as a Newsboy. Edison, portrait. Thomas A. Edison and His Talking Machine. William Ewart Gladstone. Gladstone, when a Boy Debating. Gladstone's Ancestors. Gladstone at Eton. Eton College. Christ Church College, Oxford. Dining Hall, Christ Church College. Broad Walk—Gardens of Christ Church College. Hawarden Castle. The Old Castle at Hawarden. Gladstone Introducing the Home Rule Bill. Gladstone and Grandchild. Nansen when a Child. Fridtjof Nansen, portrait. Nansen's First Snowshoes. Nansen Hunting Polar Bears. The "Fram." Farthest North. Clara Barton's Childhood. Clara Barton, portrait. Clara Barton and Her Work in Cuba. Dwight L. Moody, portrait. Mother of Dwight L. Moody. John Wanamaker. Robert Lee on His Favorite Horse. Fitzhugh Lee, portrait. Robert E. Lee, portrait. House where Lee Surrendered. Susan B. Anthony, portrait. A Reception. Frances E. Willard, portrait. Drinking Fountain. Anna A. Gordon. Galileo, portrait. Wolfgang Mozart, portrait when a boy. Florence Nightingale.

The work contains 320 pages, size of book, closed, 7 1-2x9 1-2 inches, handsomely bound in cloth, with illuminated cover in gold and four colors. Sent post-paid on receipt of price, $1.50, by

ALFRED C. CLARK & CO., - 185 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.



STYLES OF ENGRAVING

A William H. Bartlett.

B Mrs. Edward D. Adams.

C Mrs. Frederick J. Stevenson.

D Mr. Robert George Kimball.

E Harry J. Smith.

F Miss Floletta H. Blanchard.

G Miss Lillian Eleanor Clark.

H Miss Mac Veagh.

I Mrs. Irene G. Samuels.

J Henry D. Wentworth.

K Miss Viola M. Keith

L MR. HENRY ALLEN FRANKLIN.

Steel and Copperplate Engraving

Plate-Printing and Embossing.

VISITING CARDS.

Engraving Plate, Script, and printing 100 Cards,	$ 1.50
Engraving Plate, Script, and printing 50 Cards,	1.00
Same, with address, 20 cts. extra; with Mr. and Mrs., 10 cts. extra.	
Additional 100 Cards,	1.00
Additional 50 Cards,	.60

WEDDING NOTES.

Engraving Plate of 10 lines, Script, and printing 100 Invitations,	10.00
Engraving Plate of 8 lines, Script, and printing 100 Announcements,	9.00
Additional 100 Invitations or Announcements,	4.00
Price includes Outside and Inside Envelopes.	

CORRESPONDENCE PAPER.

Engraving Script Monogram Die of 2 or 3 letters, and embossing 5 quires paper, in color; including envelopes to match, not stamped,	4.50
Additional 5 quires,	3.00

BUSINESS CARDS.

Engraving Plate of 5 lines, Script, and printing 1,000 Cards,	10.00
Additional 1,000 Cards,	8.00

LETTER-HEADS.

Engraving 2-inch Steel Die of 4 lines, Block Letters, and embossing 1,000 Letter-Heads,	10.00
Additional 1,000 Letter-Heads,	6.00
Embossed Envelopes from same Die, per 1,000,	6.00
Engraving Copperplate of 4 lines, Script, and printing 1,000 Letter-Heads,	12.00
Additional 1,000 Letter-Heads,	10.00

ENGRAVING.

Script — First line, 60 cts.; extra lines, 50 cts. per line.
Block Letters — First line, $1.25; extra lines, $1.00 per line.
Roman Letters — First line, $1.50; extra lines, $1.25 per line.
Autograph Plate, $1.00 to $1.50.
Monogram Die, $1.50 to $3.00.
Address Die — First line, $1.50; extra lines, $1.00 per line.

Above prices are NET and include stock of superior quality. If special stock is wanted, price will vary according to cost. Mail or Express charges extra.

Samples Free on Application, ALFRED C. CLARK & CO., 185 Dearborn St., Chicago.

International Directory

OF TRANSPORTS, COMMERCE AND INDUSTRY.

PUBLISHED BY THE

Societe des Grands Annuaires (A. Michel & Co.)

General Manager: EMIL MONOD.

Head Offices: 60, rue de Maubeuge, PARIS (France.)

BRANCH OFFICES: BRUXELLES: 15, rue de Peuplier.—LONDON: 222 to 225, Strand.—BERLIN: Friedenau, W.—HAMBURG: 6, Alte Groningerstrasse.—ODESSA: rue Polskaia (Mon Mavrogodato)—WIEN II: Roberthof.—MONTREAL: 99, St-Francois-Xavier-Street.—BUENOS-AIRES: 383, Piedad.

Managers for the United States, Alfred C. Clark & Co.

Eastern Office:
194, Times Building, New York.

Home Office: 10th Floor Adams Express Bldg,
CHICAGO, ILL.

Address all orders to Home Office.

No matter what your line is, if you export or import anything, you cannot afford to do without this great work.

THE INTERNATIONAL DIRECTORY is the only existing publication appearing in four languages, English, French, German and Spanish.

THE INTERNATIONAL DIRECTORY gives the Lists of Importers of the whole world, arranged according to countries and towns, together with imported goods or products.

THE INTERNATIONAL DIRECTORY gives the Lists of Exporters of the whole world, arranged according to countries and towns, together with exported goods or products.

THE INTERNATIONAL DIRECTORY gives the Lists of Merchants and Manufacturers of the whole world, arranged according to countries and towns, together with products or manufactured goods.

THE INTERNATIONAL DIRECTORY gives the Lists of Commission and General Agents of the whole world, with their special branch of business.

THE INTERNATIONAL DIRECTORY gives the Lists of Banks and Bankers of the whole world, as well as financial Companies, Corporations, etc.

THE INTERNATIONAL DIRECTORY gives the Lists of Ship Brokers and Shipping Agents of the whole world, as well as all Agents, Correspondents or Consignees of any Navigation Company.

THE INTERNATIONAL DIRECTORY gives the Lists of Forwarding Agents or Companies of the whole world, as well as of all Custom-house Brokers and firms engaged in the Transportation business.

THE INTERNATIONAL DIRECTORY gives all information on the Navigation Companies and Shipowners of the whole world, together with their services, time-tables, ports of call, etc.

THE INTERNATIONAL DIRECTORY gives all information on the Insurance Companies of the whole world, together with their Agents and Representatives in every country.

THE INTERNATIONAL DIRECTORY gives the most complete information on all the Harbors of the world, situation, draught of water, docks, quays, charges and dues, accommodation, etc.

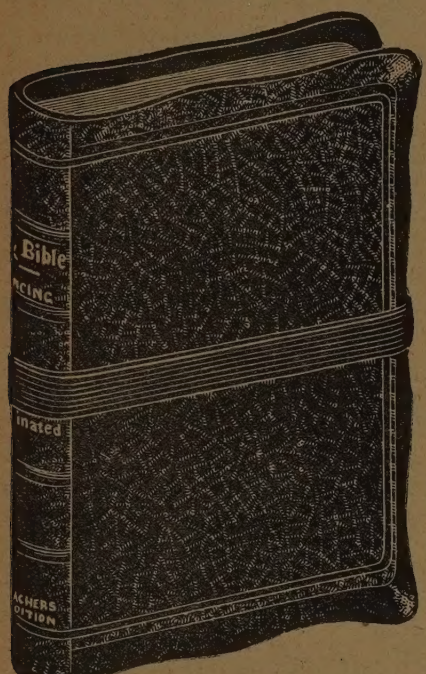
PRICE OF THE INTERNATIONAL DIRECTORY, $15.00.

☞ *Please note that for Baltimore, Boston, Chicago, Cincinnati, New Orleans, New York, Philadelphia, San Francisco, St. Louis, etc., the "International Directory" is also a local business directory.*

ALFRED C. CLARK & CO., Publishers,
185, 187, 189 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill., U. S. A.

New Teachers' Edition of the

ILLUMINATED HOLY BIBLE



Size, 8 by 11 inches, opened.

The Popular 12mo Size

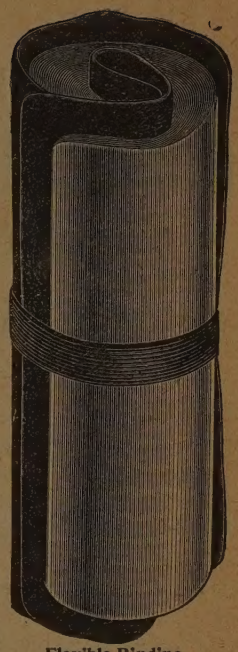
Large Type, Divinity Circuit Binding.

The growing demand for a wisely and faithfully illustrated Teachers' Bible has been fully satisfied at last by the American Bible House, of New York and Philadelphia. This well-known house has just completed a new edition of the Holy Scriptures, which combines every valuable feature of the usual Teacher's Bible with a wealth of descriptive and historical illustrations so superb as to distinctly separate this Bible from all others and place it in a class all by itself. In this magnificent new edition, nearly

600 Original Pictures

Directly Illustrate Accompanying Texts.

Each is a **speaking sermon,** a gem of art, the handiwork of a master. These wonderful pictures not only beautify this sumptuous volume, but actually interpret and make more clear the grand old truths of the Sacred Word. Their primary purpose is to **illumine**—*i. e.*, "throw light upon"—the hundreds of texts which they illustrate. By this means fresh interest is aroused, and the Biblical narrative is given a living, present, human interest. This beautiful edition of the Holy Scriptures will be indispensable to Bible Students, and an inexhaustible mine of knowledge and inspiration for Sunday-school teachers and pastors. Another invaluable feature of this new bible is its



Flexible Binding.

Wonderful New "Helps" and Maps.

Many Teachers' Bibles have too many "Helps." Trade competition has induced publishers to add feature after feature, until the limit has been passed, and what ought to be a light flexible book, too often becomes a thick, unwieldly volume. All good Bible "helps" have a degree of value, and some are actually indispensable. The "helps" in this new edition have been specially prepared under the capable editorship of **Rev. A. F. Schauffler, D. D.,** the world-famed Sunday-school worker and theologian, assisted by the most notable array of eminent Biblical scholars ever associated in such a work. Any teacher who feels incompetent to expound the Word effectually will take fresh courage in the work of winning souls for Christ, after reading these instructive and inspiring articles by acknowledged masters.

THE BEST AND HANDSOMEST BIBLE EVER MADE

It is the Best because it contains all the valuable features of other editions, and many more beside; because the mechanical execution is the best that skill and money will produce.

Self-Pronouncing Text. Every proper name is accented and diacritically marked by a system that is simple and easily understood. This enables anyone, after a brief study of the diacritical key, to read aloud with absolute certainty of pronouncing correctly even the most puzzling Scriptural names of people and places.

Superior Concordance. A really "complete" concordance would fill a volume larger than the Bible; hence the necessity for **intelligent condensation** when this invaluable adjunct must be reduced to a small compass. We believe that the Concordance in this new Bible is the most complete and satisfactory yet produced; fully equal to others which occupy twice as much space.

A Few of the Helps

AND THEIR NOTED AUTHORS.

The General Trend of Israel's History,
By the REV. F. N. PELOUBET, D. D.

Geographical Neighbors of Israel,
By PROF. H. H. SAYCE, of Oxford University.

The Interregnum, from Malachi to Matthew,
By the REV. J. L. HURLBURT, D. D.

The First Century of Christianity,
By the Rev. BISHOP HENRY W. WARREN, D. D.

The Life of Christ; A Harmony of the Four Gospels,
By the REV. A. F. SCHAUFFLER, D. D.

Use of the Imagination in Picture Teaching,
By the REV. J. WILBUR CHAPMAN, D. D.

Palestine, Religiously and Politically, in Christ's Time,
By the REV. J. R. SAMPEY, D. D.

It is the Handsomest, because no other Teachers' Bible contains such a wealth of really artistic illustrations, tastefully placed throughout the pages, while the paper, press-work and binding leave absolutely nothing to be desired.

Marginal References. This new edition contains more copious references than most of other Teachers' Bibles—three times as many as some of the leading editions; and in the margins will also be found thousands of **variant readings,** which throw a flood of light upon a multitude of obscure texts.

Fine Colored Maps. Not the least useful and attractive feature of the Illuminated Teachers' Bible is a series of superb colored maps, specially engraved for this edition, and not procurable elsewhere. In making these maps, it was intended to introduce those that are of most real service in the study of the Word; to attain exact accuracy in topography as well as geography; and to have the names of cities, towns, rivers, etc., entirely legible. These objects have been fully accomplished.

These Beautiful Bibles at Less than Half-Price.

Realizing that this superb new Bible, if offered at a moderate price, is certain to become immediately and universally popular, we have purchased a sufficient quantity of the magnificent first edition to give us the very lowest wholesale price. We shall use most of these books for premium purposes, to secure new subscribers; but we will dispose of a portion of them at practically cost to us, in accordance with the special limited offers which follow:

Offer No. 1.

STYLE NO. 10.—*American Morocco, Divinity Circuit, paper linings, round corners, red-under-gold edges, headbands and silk book-marker: Publishers' list price, $7.00; our price, including one year's subscription to* **The New Unity,**.... **$5.00**

THE BIBLE ALONE, $4.00.

Offer No. 2.

STYLE NO. 11.—*American Morocco, Divinity Circuit, linen linings to edge, round corners, red-under-gold edges, head-bands and silk book-marker: Publishers' list price, $8.00; our price, including one year's subscription to* **The New Unity,**.... **$5.50**

THE BIBLE ALONE, $4.50.

Offer No. 3.

STYLE NO. 12.—*American Morocco, Divinity Circuit, leather lined to edge, round corners, red-under-gold edges, head-bands and silk book marker: Publishers' list price, $9.00; our price, including one year's subscription to* **The New Unity,**. **$6.00**

THE BIBLE ALONE, 5.00.

SPECIAL CONDITIONS. Cash in full must accompany all orders. Bibles will be **delivered free** to any P. O. or express office in the United States or Canada. If Bible is not precisely as represented and in every way satisfactory, the purchase price will be cheerfully refunded. These offers are subject to withdrawal or increase in rates at any time, without notice. Sample pages and full description mailed on receipt of 6 cents in stamps. Address

Alfred C. Clark & Co., 185 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

HILLSIDE

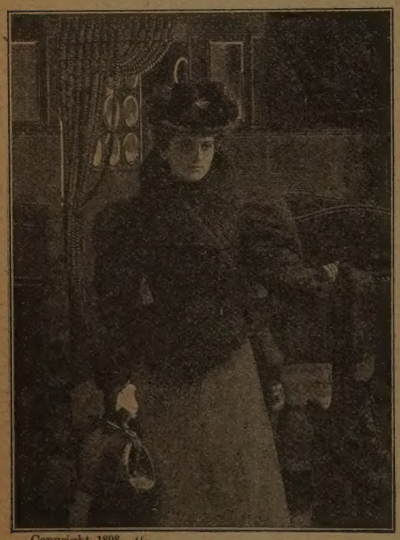
HOME SCHOOL

Hillside, Wis.

For Girls and Boys.

Fits for any college. Classical, Scientific and English courses, Non-sectarian. Location on a farm; healthful and beautiful; removed from the distractions of the city. Buildings large and commodious; excellent sanitary conditions; water works and steam heat. School rooms and laboratory well equipped. A large corps of efficient teachers. Catalogues sent on application.

The Misses Lloyd Jones,
Principals.



Copyright, 1898, by James Charlton. "SECTION SEVEN."

PERFECT PASSENGER SERVICE. Chicago & Alton R.R. AMERICA'S MOST POPULAR RAILROAD.

The direct, best and only completely rock ballasted, dustless line between

CHICAGO and KANSAS CITY,
CHICAGO and ST. LOUIS,
CHICAGO and PEORIA,
ST. LOUIS and KANSAS CITY.

Through Pullman service from Chicago to
HOT SPRINGS, ARKANSAS, DENVER, COLORADO, AND CALIFORNIA.

JAMES CHARLTON, General Passenger and Ticket Agent, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.

A Choice Little Volume which helps us to be thankful and see Our Father's hand in every experience in life.

KINDLY LIGHT IN PRAYER AND PRAISE

By PASTOR QUIET

43 Pages, in Artistic Cloth Binding, price 60 cents—8 cents postage.

A book to put in your pocket when you go to the woods or for the quiet hour by the fireside. Not to be read through at one sitting, but one meditation at a time, and then let the musical thought of that particular song sing itself over and over in your mind until you know it by heart.

You cannot do this without giving praise, nor can you follow the prose portions of the meditations without a conscious uplift of mind and heart.

The book is just what its title indicates, and is an exceedingly attractive gift book.

Sent postpaid on receipt of price by

ALFRED C. CLARK & CO.,
185 DEARBORN STREET,
CHICAGO, ILL.

"BIG FOUR"

THREE GREAT TRAINS.

"KNICKERBOCKER SPECIAL"
BETWEEN
ST. LOUIS, INDIANAPOLIS, CLEVELAND, CINCINNATI, NEW YORK and BOSTON.

"SOUTHWESTERN LIMITED"
BETWEEN
CINCINNATI, COLUMBUS, CLEVELAND, NEW YORK and BOSTON.

"WHITE CITY SPECIAL"
BETWEEN
CINCINNATI, INDIANAPOLIS and CHICAGO.

E. O. McCORMICK, Pass. Traffic Mgr. D. B. MARTIN, Gen. Pass. & Tkt. Agt.

The Two Paths.

"The Two Paths," by Marie A. Watson, just issued, has been pronounced by an able critic as an exceedingly interesting story, aside from its metaphysical aspect. The plot is strong and in many respects unique. The power of thought, especially the image-making faculty, and the ability to project this image is shown to be a two-edged sword. A student of occultism uses this power for a selfish end, and comes to grief at the hands of his would-be victim, who sees him in a dream, and believes that his astral form is the man in his physical body. The occultist is later found dead in his own apartment, while the young woman declares that she killed him in self-defense at her bedside. The heroine falls into a trance. Her soul loosened from the body has strange experiences in other realms. These she relates, upon returning to consciousness, to her friends. There are plenty of other incidents in the story, and a chapter on "The Ideal Marriage" is strikingly original, if nothing else. The book serves a useful purpose in illustrating the power of thought when exercised by one individual upon another, and also defines the use and abuse of such phenomena. Sent post-paid on receipt of price, 50 cts. Bound in cloth.

Address ALFRED C. CLARK & Co.,
Publishers, 185-187 Dearborn St.,
Chicago, Ill.

Are You Going To California?

The California Limited, Santa Fe Route, gives the best and speediest service. Through dining car, and observation car with spacious parlor, especially for use of ladies and children. 2¾ days Chicago to Los Angeles.

Address, General Passenger Office,
Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe R'y
CHICAGO.

ILLINOIS CENTRAL

Runs Two Solid Vestibuled Trains Daily

DIAMOND SPECIAL NIGHT TRAIN
DAYLIGHT SPECIAL DAY TRAIN

between Chicago and St. Louis.

Free Reclining Chair Cars, Pullman Buffet Parlor Cars, Pullman Buffet Open and Compartment Sleeping Cars. See that your ticket between Chicago and St. Louis Reads via Illinois Central Railroad. It can be obtained of your local ticket agent.

A. H. HANSON, G. P. A., Ill. Cent. R. R., Chicago, Ill.

The Pioneer Limited for St. Paul and Minneapolis

Every Night at 6.30. via Chicago Milwaukee & St. Paul Ry.

Only Perfect Train In the World

- - - NOW READY - - -

SERMONS FROM SHAKESPEARE

By WILLIAM DAY SIMONDS.

CONTENTS: Introductory Address.—The Pulpit and Higher Literature. Noble Brutus.—Faithful Cordelia.—Faultless Desdemona. Destiny-Driven Hamlet.—Lady Macbeth.

EXTRACTS FROM THE INTRODUCTORY ADDRESS:

Four centuries ago Europe, awakened from the long sleep of the dark ages, came into possession of one great book—the Hebrew Bible. This book was library alike to peasant and prince. The multitude knew not that other ancient writings existed, and fondly called their new found treasure *The Book.* Naturally men sought to conform all thought and life to Bible teachings and standards. They endeavored to base science upon scripture, rejecting all truth not revealed in the word of God. The attempt failed, for science knows never a master. Zealous and stalwart believers attempted to conform Government to the Mosaic pattern. This was the dream of Puritanism. But the Puritan failed. The vast tides of human progress swept past Moses and the prophets. The teacher could not content himself with one text book. The statesman found human experience a better guide than ancient documents. The scholar discovered to an eager generation the mind of Plato, the wisdom of Socrates, the eloquence of Demosthenes and Cicero, the poetry of Homer and Virgil, and so dawned upon the world the glory and beauty of the renaissance. * * *

The minister may deal with higher literature after one of three methods. He may ignore it altogether, and confine preaching to an exposition of the religious experience and expression of the old time Jew. This is the only consistent course for the devout believer in traditional theology, and commands the respect due an honest faith, however ignorant Or the minister may derive in fact the chief part of moral and religious instruction from modern letters and science, but always beginning with a low bow to the popular idol. * * *

This is the dear old method of expediency; all who love progress served as angels' food cling to this method. It secures the widest and sweetest admiration of men with the least salt of criticism.

But there is a third method. To embark freely upon the ocean of truth, to listen to every word of God-like genius as to a whisper of the Holy Ghost; a method based upon the conviction that beauty, truth and love are always divine, and that the real Bible, whose inspiration can never be questioned, comprises all noble and true words spoken and written by man in all the ages. * * *

THE CRITICAL COMMENTS

Contained in this Volume are alone worth many times its Price, as it contains, besides the Sermons,

The Most Convenient Compendium of Scholarly Thought upon these Greatest Characters in Shakespeare yet published for the Student and Teacher.

These they will prove of greatest value to all students who have not access to expensive editions of Shakespeare or to large libraries upon the subject. Among the authors cited are Goethe, Victor Hugo, Heine, J. R. Lowell, Lamartine, Dowden, Macauley, Franx Horn, Swinburne, Coleridge, Hazlitt, Herder, Schlegel, Gervinns, Taine, Ulrici, and Mrs. Jameson.

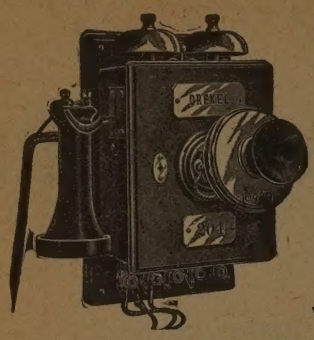
This book possesses the merit of entire frankness. It is just what it appears to be, a volume of sermons—not literary lectures. The preacher is, therefore, of necessity in evidence, and the audience is always in mind. Its aim is obvious. As devotees at other shrines find sweetness and light, so would we seek in Shakespeare the soul of virtue.

Little space has been given to purely literary or critical matter, and the carefully selected "Comments" preceding each sermon will serve to show that while the author is independent in judgment he is not without good company in the interpretations upon which the sermons are based. The "Comments" also illustrate most strikingly how wise men differ in the domain of Shakespearian criticism. At the same time they add much to the value and interest of the book.

The work is printed on toned paper, bound in fine silk cloth, with gold side stamp. Price, $1.00, delivered prepaid to all points in the United States, by mail or express. Address

Alfred C. Clark & Co., Publishers,

185 Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill.



16 cents per day

For a

RESIDENCE Party Line Telephone

Nickel parts mounted on ebonized wood, wall space required 10x6½ inches.

Fire and Police Protection is afforded by the use of the telephone in the home. Communication is provided between your house and office, and your Physician, your Grocer, your Druggist and others are brought within easy reach.

CHICAGO TELEPHONE CO. Contract Department 203 Washington St.

A Beautiful Birthday, Gift and Holiday Book.

The Publishers of the NEW UNITY have just issued a beautiful book, very suitable as a Birthday or Holiday present. The critics of the Chicago *Inter Ocean*, *Chronicle* and *The Cause*, who have seen the first copies from the press, thus describe it:

[Chicago Inter Ocean.]

"Flowers of Grasses"—Verses by Juniata Stafford. (Chicago: Alfred C. Clark & Co., Publishers. This charming little volume, daintily printed and bound in soft birchbark cover, brings to us the sweet breath of field and meadow. And the verses which it contains fitly add to the pleasant impression given by the outward form of the little book. They tell of nature and nature's beauties, of soft airs and rippling brooks, and they do more, for they show to us the lessons which the beautiful things of God's creation have for every one of us. In this, even more than in her smooth and rippling lines, do we read this writer's title clear to the name of true poet. For the heaven-conferred mission of the poet is to interpret nature and life for the help and instruction of mankind, since most of us, our sight uncleared by heavenward glances, cannot read the divine message. As a specimen of Miss Stafford's graceful versification we quote two stanzas from her wreath of "Birthday Verses," one for each month in the year, a charming idea:

March.

All the brown twigs are stirring within;
Winter has surely gone past!
Wrappings of tree-buds are stretching quite thin—
Springtime is nearing at last!

Color and gladness are coming this way—
Listen, dear heart, while I sing!
Here is my gift for your beautiful day;
Love and the heralds of spring.

October.

Gentian, in this restful place,
In this quiet hour,
Speaking with a holy grace
Word of sky and flower,
I will bear you in my hand
As a birthday token;
Help my friend to understand
Love and peace have spoken.

A Book of Thoughtful Verses.

[Chicago Chronicle.]

"Flowers of Grasses" is the fanciful title given to a small collection of verses by Juniata Stafford, a lady of Chicago, pleasantly known in periodical literature. Some of the collection are occasional verses, and carry the stamp of such, but others are of more general nature, and in each of these there is always some germ of thought that is clearly, often very felicitously worked out. The "Song of the Weeds" enforces a wholesome and suggestive lesson of the usefulness often, perhaps always, subserved by even the humblest and apparently most useless things, and it is musically embodied in flowing verse.

Much of the verse is cast in well-used forms, but much of it also is molded into unusual metrical forms, some of them very daintily and musically handled. The sentiment of all alike is finely feminine and refined.

Sent postpaid on receipt of price, 75 cents.

ALFRED C. CLARK & CO.,
Publishers,
185 Dearborn Street, CHICAGO.

Perhaps You Have Heard

of a railway system running between Chicago, Milwaukee, St. Paul, Minneapolis, Ashland and Duluth, known as the Wisconsin Central Lines. Before making a journey to any of these northwestern points, inquire relative to the Fast and Elegantly Equipped Trains which leave Chicago daily via the Wisconsin Central. Your nearest ticket agent can give you complete information.

JAS. C. POND, G. P. A.,
Milwaukee, Wis.

If You Are Interested

In liberal literature, liberal religion or the liberal congress, send postal card request and receive free works relating to same. Address

MRS. CARRIE F. WETMORE,
4446 Sidney Ave., Chicago.

YOU WILL REALIZE THAT "THEY LIVE WELL WHO LIVE CLEANLY," IF YOU USE

SAPOLIO

J. B. LANYON,

HIGH-CLASS

UNDERTAKING

517 West 63d Street,

CHICAGO, ILL.

TELEPHONE 142 ENGLEWOOD EXCHANGE.

"The People are Hungry for just such literature as THE NEW UNITY contains," was the expression used by one of our oldest subscribers, a few days since, when in to pay up her subscription. "I always mail my copy to a friend who lives in Peoria, after I have read it." It may be that you know of some person (or a dozen, or a hundred) who are hungry for such literature. If so, send us their names and addresses and we will gladly send them sample copies free.

PUBLICATIONS OF JENKIN LLOYD JONES.

The Faith that Makes Faithful, by W. C. GANNETT and JENKIN LLYOD JONES,
Flexible Morocco, full gilt, in box..... $2.00
White Vellum, " " " " 1.50
Silk cloth..... 1.50

A Chorus of Faith, as heard in the Parliament of Religions. A book of selections giving points of harmony between the representatives of the various religions. Edited by JENKIN LLOYD JONES. Cloth. 1.25

Practical Piety.....Paper, $0.10, Cloth... .30

Ten Great Novels..... .10

The Women's Uprising. A Study of the International Congress of Women..... .10

The Selfishness of Grief..... .05

Death as a Friend (new edition)..... .05

The Word of the Spirit. To the Nation, City, Church, Home, Individual..... .50

A Preacher's Vocation..... .05

The Education of the Soul..... .05

The Divinity of Fatherhood..... .10

The Monroe Doctrine Enlarged..... .10

Applied Religion
I. A New Help for the Drunkard..... .10
II. Tobacco, the Second Intoxicant..... .10
III. No Sex in Crime (out of print)..... .10
IV. Not Institutions but Homes..... .10

The Religions of the World. (First Series.)
I. Moses, the Hebrew Law Giver...
II. Zoroaster, the Prophet of Industry
III. Confucius, the Prophet of Politics
IV. Buddha, the Light of Asia.....
V. Socrates, the Prophet of Reason..
VI. Jesus, the founder of Christianity
VII. Mohammed, the Prophet of Arabia
} 10 cts. each.

Great Hopes for Great Souls (out of print) .10

The Cause of the Toiler..... .10

The Intellectual Life..... .10

The Dual Mystery { What is Materialism? What is Spirituality? } .10

The Am. Cong. of Lib. Rel. Soc..... .05

Report of Proceedings of the First Am. Cong of Lib. Rel. Soc..... .25

Sent postpaid on receipt of price by

THE NEW UNITY,
185 Dearborn St., Chicago.